ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 12

MAYFAIR

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SCANDAL!

LOVER'S GUIDE SEX STAR NUDE!

KATHRYN SHANNON'S EXPLICIT POSES REVEALED INSIDE

HOME OF THE PAGE THREE NUDES

COVER GIRL HELEN LABDON STRIPS OFF

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST REAL BOOBS

CHESTY CANDY HEAVES 'EM OUT

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Tracy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JACK HARRISON

Big girls are better at it! That's the view of 44-26-38 Tracy James from Stratford Upon Avon. Never backward at coming forward, the well-endowed insurance clerk has the sort of assets any company would be proud of, and isn't afraid of showing them off. "If you've got big tits, you either get lucky or get a complex," says the twin-peaked 19-year-old. "As soon as these things sprouted, I decided boys weren't gonna make fun of me, but have fun with me!"

The result is that Tracy reckons she has blokes exactly where she wants them. "Most guys are attracted by girls with massive

mamms, and that puts me at a natural advantage in the sex stakes, so I can pick and choose the ones I want," she claims. "That's why big girls are so much better at it. Experience! I've never disappointed any guy yet."

CLARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

When 21-year-old property developer Clare Milford isn't showing prospective clients around exclusive developments in Central London, the blonde bombshell can usually be found splashing around in the swimming pool of the exclusive Black Country health club of which she's a member.

"I tend to work very hard during the week, so I make sure that I take time out at the weekend to pamper myself," reveals the 36-24-34 blonde-haired beauty. "A

sauna, massage and a quick dip in the outside pool, then I'm all ready to hit the town at night."

All that pampering isn't just for Clare's own sake, though. "I know men like girls who look after themselves, so I do try to make sure every little bit is fresh and ready to be kissed! That's why I trim the hair around my pussy into a nice attractive shape: I know guys like that, and my pussy likes to be liked!" Ⓜ

s a l l y

If a lingerie company specialising in stockings wanted a P.R. person, they could do no better than 21-year-old Sally Johnson. Sally refuses to wear anything else, and thoroughly enjoys giving guys a flash of her lacy stocking tops. "I'm sorry, but I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

could never wear tights, they make me feel such a frump," says long tall Sally who possesses a fine 36-23-35 figure to go with her lissome legs. "Some women are so busy being practical in what they wear, they've forgotten what it's like to dress and feel sexy. I can turn myself on, just sliding on a pair of silk stockings or satin panties. Mind you, it's even better if I've got an audience!" Ⓜ

LAURA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS LAPIN

When lovely Laura Anthony got the chance to strip for Mayfair readers again, she insisted she wore something just a little bit different. "It's not that I don't love the sexy lingerie I wore last time,"

laughs Laura, "but there's something so cheeky about a tennis outfit, isn't there? It's those short skirts and tight white knickers, I think." The 21-year-old Brighton lass, who measures 38C-23-36, tries to fit in at least one match a week at her local court. "It's not that I'm much good, really," she says. "But somehow I still manage to attract quite a crowd!" Come on, lads – last one to shout "love all" is a cissy... Ⓜ

Helen Labdon

Lovely Helen Labdon's a lucky girl: the page three favourite from Lancing, Sussex, doesn't just have a gorgeous 36-23-34 figure, she's got brains as well! Though she left school at 16, Helen took eight O levels with her, and after working in London and Spain she went on to become a qualified nurse. "It was hard work, but very rewarding," Helen told us, "and yes, I did like those uniforms

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE RICHARDSON

too! It's only when you work in a hospital that you realise how many men have a thing about girls in a nurse outfit, and I did appreciate the compliments. You get even more as a model, though – so I'll be taking clothes off rather than putting uniforms on for a while yet!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

melanie

Watch out, Inspector Clouseau! The Pink Panther is on the loose again. But fortunately this one doesn't want to make a "minky" out of anyone. Melanie Granger was given her famous nickname through her fondness for the colour. "I love pink," says the 19-year-old, "most of my London flat is pink, especially the bedroom." For those who've yet to have the pleasure of visiting it, we can reveal that Mel's favourite room has rose-coloured satin sheets, matching pillow cases, and an equally shiny duvet the colour of a deep blush. At night, she wears a short pink silky nightie or nothing. "I only wish there were more guys to appreciate the view!" she says.

Although Melanie has hundreds of admirers at work desperate to see her 36-23-34 figure in the pink, as it were, she assures us that there's nobody to share her satin sheets at the moment. "The men in the insurance office where I work flirt

outrageously, but because they're all salesmen, I never trust a word they say," says Mel. "Besides, I've never been the type to fall for a guy in a suit. I like the rough and ready sort. Now Mickey Rourke, he could slide under my duvet any day." Mickey Rourke lookalikes should start looking out for Miss Granger in the pubs near her Islington flat. Get your cue action right and you could be in off the pink! Ⓜ

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
melanie

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
melanie

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

HARRIET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN CAFFREY

Beautiful blonde 21-year-old Harriet is pretty excited about her new cottage in the country. "It's the first time I've lived by myself," she says. "Now I'll be able to do whatever I want with whoever I want." We bet with statistics of 36-24-36 and Harriet's sex appeal there's a queue of guys anxious to attend her house warming. "I think they want to warm the bed really," she giggled. "But they do lend a hand with any

odd jobs that need doing.

"I love being in the country as it's so peaceful. I can just lie around all day reading a naughty paperback, dangling my feet in the little stream that runs through the garden." But being surrounded by nature must be very different from being surrounded by nightlife in the city. "My lifestyle is much healthier but I still see plenty of action. There are a lot of hunky farmhands around for a start! They can certainly teach a girl how to get back to nature! Will somebody tell me how to get grass stains off the knees of my jeans?"

MAYFAIR

BRA BUSTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GRAHAM

Candy

Who would believe it? Twenty-two-year-old Candy used to be shy about showing off her boobs!

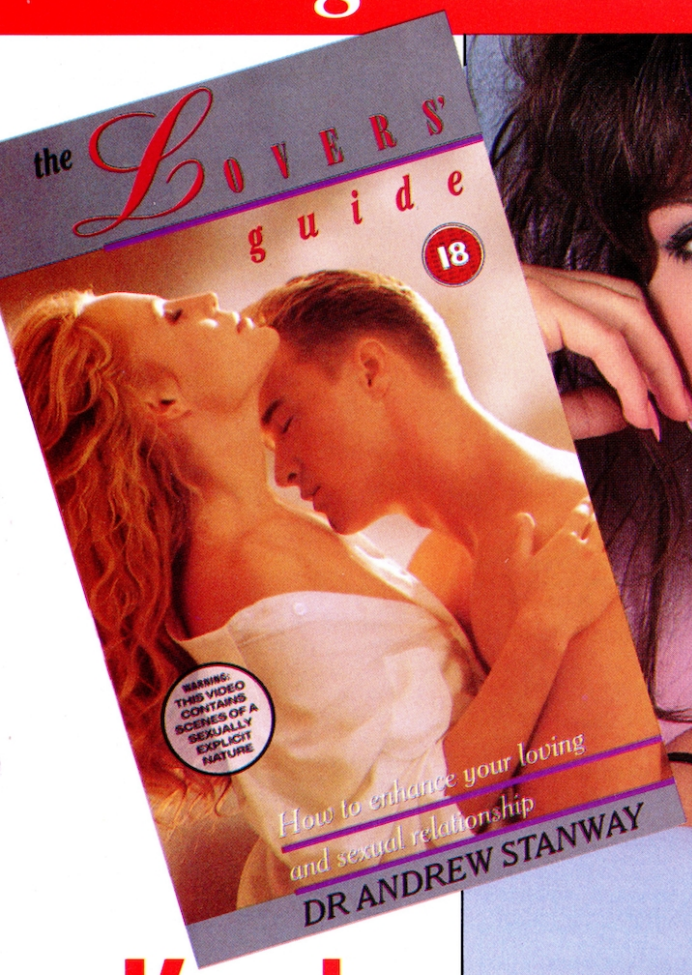
"When I was younger my friends used to tease me about my tits," our amazing American with the 44 DD dooblies told us, "but now all my everyone wants to play with them!"

And who could blame them? They certainly are... well, humongous. We wondered if they restricted her in any way?

"Well, aerobics is out for a start, but I tend to get all my exercise on my back anyway," she giggles. "I can run for the bus but it tends to draw a crowd.

"Buying bras is impossible. They just don't make them this big," she says, wobbling her whammers for the camera. In fact cuddly Candy has to come all the way to Britain to buy her bras.

"Girls over here have bigger boobs than back home. I keep telling the shop assistants at my local lingerie store that I can't squeeze into their tiny B cups, but they always seem keen to see me try!" Ⓜ



Kathryn Shannon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

Kathryn Shannon is the girl who gives strip star Marino Franchi oral sex during Dr Andrew Stanway's notorious video, *The Lover's Guide*. The stunner at the centre of the sensational sex scandal that's sweeping the nation is already well-known to regular *Mayfair* readers as adorable Dora.

For while 19-year-old Kathryn was making her name as one of the prettiest models in *Mayfair*, she was spotted for a part in the sexually explicit education video.

The film, which presents scenes of real intercourse, shows saucy Essex girl Kathryn performing oral sex with part-time male model and Publican Marino Franchi.

It has been revealed that the couple auditioned for their role by making love on the floor at film-maker Stanway's fabulous Surrey farmhouse. "He asked me to masturbate then asked Kathryn to do the same," says Marino. "Then he told us to lie on the floor and touch each other intimately."

's Guide storm

But why did the Doc go to the trouble of arranging a private view when he could have seen Kathryn's sensual 36-25-36 credentials in the pages of Mayfair?

Twenty-six-year-old Marino has told how he fell for the Basildon-born model at first sight. "The feeling was electric when Kathryn and I first met. Because everyone sensed this, we performed the most daring scenes."

Despite these sizzling scenes, the video has been given the blessing of the British Board of Film Classification and will be available in many high street stores. But hurry — Woolies have already banned it! Ⓜ

LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

PERT PAULA

I have to admire the sports uncoverage in *Mayfair*'s Vol 26 No 10. I refer specifically to the nude shots of Good Sport reporter Paula Hamilton. I've often wondered what was inside that

tracksuit, and when I saw that trim little snatch and those pert pink nipples, I realised my dreams were uncannily accurate.

Her previous appearance in the Volkswagen TV ad did very little for me, but when I learned that she was superfit and an ex-glamour model, my fantasies went into overdrive. I would happily enjoy a spot of sexual athletics with her. I'd even manage a spurt at the finish!
RB, Manchester

JUSTINE TIME

Mayfair should be proud of its girl sets when they are as classy as the one of Justine in Vol 26 No 10. The spread picture of her leaning back on the beach, the sea water lapping between her thighs, was as exciting for me as it must have been for her. And the bum shot of her under the shower had me growing, even thinking about it on the train to work next day. Very embarrassing. I had to hold my coat in front of me as I got off.

Please bring back Justine again and again. I'll even reserve two seats on the train to avoid embarrassment if you do!
G K, Walsall

FEET FEAT

I felt I had to write in and tell you how your centrefold from Vol 26 No 10 brought back some very happy memories for me. When I saw those stockings and high heels she was wearing, it all came flooding back to me...

When I first started work when I was 20, there was a woman of about 35 there called Stephanie, a big, buxom blonde with beautiful firm boobs which must have been about 38D and long legs which she always used to emphasize by wearing black, seamed stockings and really high heeled sling-backed sandals. Stephanie was married but she was really flirty, and gradually I noticed that she began to pay a lot of attention to me, always hanging around my desk and leaning over so that I could see those lovely big tits of hers through the thin blouses she used to always wear.

One morning I came into work early and she was already there. She'd laddered her tights on the way in and was putting on a new pair in the staff room. I walked in and there she was, one foot up on a chair, her toes all pointed inside the foot, rolling a new sheer seamed stocking up her leg. Every time Stephanie came past my desk that day my cock would be hardening and rising, and she knew exactly what she was doing to me.

After work that night she waited for me, and next thing I knew she'd got into my car and we were driving to her place. In the car she took off her sandals and massaged her feet, looking at me all the time, knowing how horny it was making me. I thought I would come inside my pants, I was so excited. I wanted to just push my cock up her and roger her then and there, but she had other ideas. She took me into the lounge and sat on the settee.

"Take your clothes off," she told me, "and worship my feet. I know that's what you want."

I stripped off, my cock as hard as a flagpole, and knelt down while Stephanie stuck one foot in front of me and I removed her sandal. I couldn't help it – I shot my load then onto the carpet. But my cock still stayed hard, I was so excited, because now I was licking and sucking Stephanie's foot, while frantically removing her other sandal so that I could double my pleasure. I caressed that foot with my

Henry can't afford a new parrot...

fingers and brought it up to my face so that I could lick and suck those toes through her stockings.

Then Stephanie pulled me so that I was kneeling up and wrapped both feet around my cock so that she was wanking me off, tugging my cock up and down slowly. It was the most delicious feeling. Her feet were so silky and soft, it was even better than if she'd done it with her hands.

Stephanie could obviously tell I was quite close to coming, because in one movement she pulled me up so that my cock was on the edge of the sofa as I was kneeling up, and then wrapped her legs around my neck and told me to push my cock into her.

It was a real effort not to come too soon. But Stephanie soon came, fiddling with her clitty and massaging her boobs while I kept

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on thrusting away, until I groaned that I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Don't come inside me," she said. "I want you to come on my feet." This was like a dream come true for me, and I pulled out of her pussy and finished off by coming my load over Stephanie's delicate, pointed toes.

"Massage it in," she told me. "I know you want me to keep my feet soft and beautiful for you." So there I was, massaging my own come into her feet with slow, sensuous, circular movements, all the time both of us getting even more aroused all over again.

The whole experience was just magical and seeing Antonette looking so much like Stephanie really drove me crazy. Thanks, *Mayfair*!
DN, Derbyshire

LAUREN'S LUSCIOUS IN LEATHER!

Your girl Lauren from Vol 26 No 10 really sent me round the bend when I saw her posing in that oh-so-horny leather jacket! I've always had a thing about blondes in black leather, the way their hair shines against the sexy material and how it moulds itself to bare skin.

I'd love to see some outdoor shots of luscious young Lauren posing on a really powerful motorbike, her gorgeous smooth thighs wrapped around the saddle, and if the engine was running so that the vibrations would be going right through her juicy little pussy and making her look all wet and excited then so much the better!

What I wouldn't do to run my hands up the inside of those thighs, inhaling the delicious aroma of the pussy that she'd just unwrapped from a pair of skintight leather trousers, gently pushing those love lips apart with my straining knob and then fucking her until she was begging me to come inside her.

Then I'd play with those beautiful boobs of hers, sucking the nipples and licking between them, making her squirm with pleasure and lust. I'm sure I'm not the only reader who'd love to see young Lauren's

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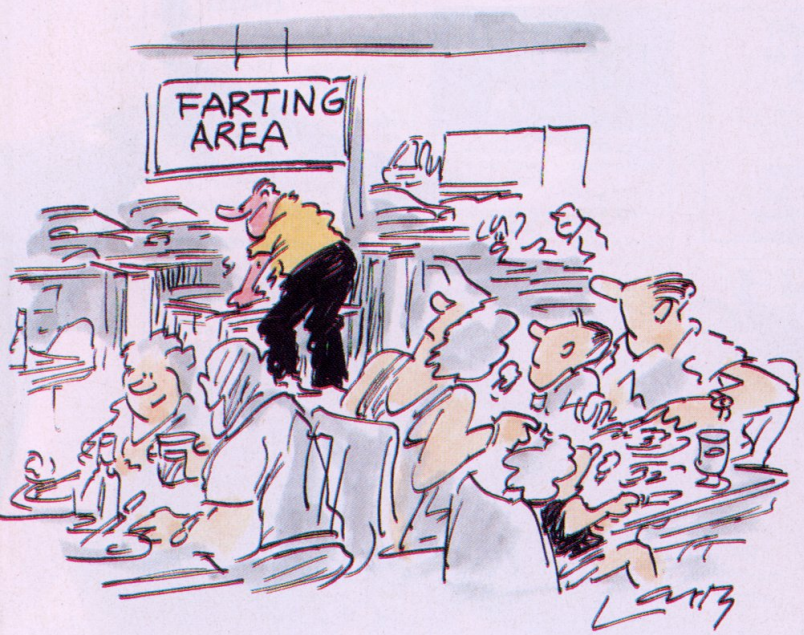


THE SHAP THINGS T

The discreet trim is back, ***our fashion correspondent writes.*** Long and shaggy styles are a thing of the past, and radical razor-cuts are a distant memory. Today's hair should be worn fairly short, shaved at the sides to create that distinctive v-shape, and slickly smoothed down.

It's called the Laurel Canyon Sweep, but don't try it on your head, unless you want to look like last decade's preppie disaster area. The LCS is the lastest fashion in pubic hair.

You won't find trends like this chronicled in the style magazines, but they're taking Britain by storm nevertheless. If you don't believe us, just check out your back issues of *Mayfair*: in the 60s and 70s, pubes were left *au naturel*, in tune with the hippie ethos of the times (though Mary Quant made her name by claiming she had trimmed her bush into a heart shape at the time). In the early 80s, the total shave was in vogue. Now, the cutest curlies come snipped into a small, neat patch at the front of the pubis, while the whole area between the legs is shaved clean: the above-mentioned Laurel Canyon Sweep.

The style got its name from an American blue movie actress. The young lady arrived in Los Angeles to find fame, fortune and other things beginning with f on the flourishing hardcore circuit of the late 80s, and got an appointment with the legendary Jim South, a fast-talking agent who was an old hand at the blue movie bizz.

"You've got what it takes to make it in this business," said Jim, who knew the power of a cliche, "but you need two things: a name and a gimmick."

The name was no problem: in a business peopled by stars with names like Crystal Breeze, Sunny Woods, Patty Plenty and Kitty Luv, nothing was too ludicrous. The girl happened to be staying in a suburb of Los Angeles in the Hollywood Hills. It was called Laurel Canyon.

The gimmick was more of a problem. Various girls on the circuit performed extraordinary

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

face contorted with ecstasy while her moist pussy was being tongued, driving her to climax after climax.

Please show Lauren again as soon as possible, preferably with a tight pair of leather trousers over her taut bum. I for one can't wait!
TL, Surrey

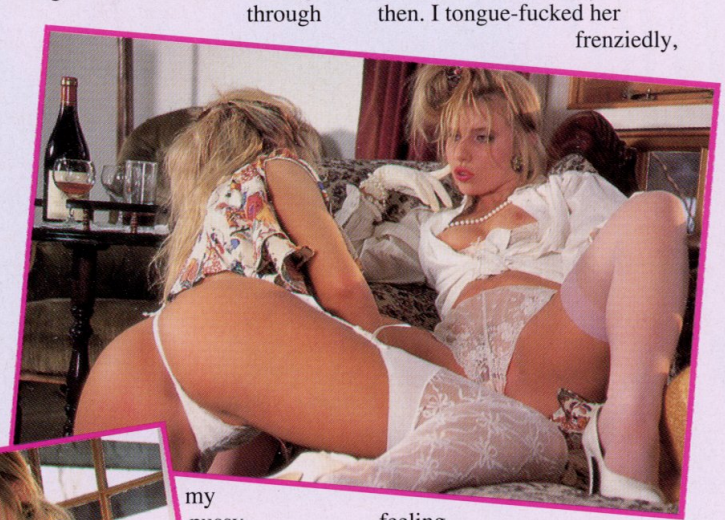
BI BI BABY

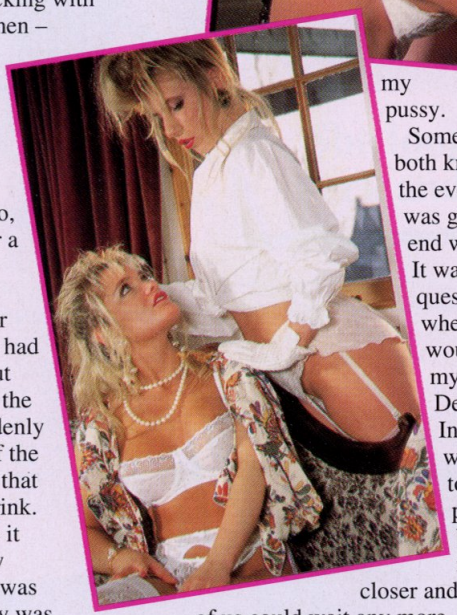
I notice that you don't have many letters from female readers in your pages, though I can't believe that there aren't thousands of women who regularly read and masturbate themselves over the lovely girls you feature every month. I'm bisexual and really enjoy fucking with women as well as men – especially both at the same time!

I thought other readers might like to hear what happened to me a couple of weeks ago, when I went out for a night with an old friend from school who I'd not seen for about 10 years. We had been really close but had lost touch over the years until she suddenly contacted me out of the blue and suggested that we meet up for a drink.

I couldn't believe it when I actually saw Denise again – she was gorgeous! My pussy was wet immediately as I looked at her long dark hair falling over her slim shoulders, the way her tight top showed off her lovely big boobs and her skirt clung to her bottom. What a great bottom she had too, really firm and rounded. I just couldn't take my eyes off her.

And to my surprise I felt that she was attracted to me too. I'd never expected that she might have turned out to be bi. I could see her eyes lingering on my boobs, and she kept watching my lips. As for myself, I was feeling hornier than I had for weeks and kept squirming in my seat every time our eyes met, feeling the waves of heat rushing through my pussy.





Somehow we both knew that the evening was going to end with bed. It was just a question of whether it would be my place or Denise's. In the end, we went to my place because it was closer and neither of us could wait any more. I needed to feel her tongue in my cunt, pushing up towards my G-spot, and her soft fingers rubbing little circles around my clitty and making me scream with pleasure. And I could hardly wait to feel what it would be like to have my tongue inside her own juicy cunny, licking up inside her in slow swathes.

We fell through the door kissing and fondling each other, my hands up inside her blouse, tweaking and pulling her big pink nipples, rubbing them with the palms of my hands and feeling how much I was arousing her. She started murmuring with pleasure.

"God, I'm so wet," she told me. "Go down on me - I want to feel you licking me out right inside."

Kneeling between her legs, I pulled down her panties and pushed aside her suspender belt, and inhaled the smell of her lovely cunt with its sparse dark hairs. The next moment I plunged my tongue right up inside her and closed my eyes in bliss as I licked the most delicious pussy hole I'd ever tasted. Denise wrapped her legs around my neck, and I could feel her sheer stockings rubbing my back sensuously and her high heels digging into me as she writhed and arched her back with pleasure.

"Faster! Faster!" she urged me, and I couldn't hold myself back then. I tongue-fucked her frenziedly, feeling her juices dripping over my face and coating my lips. I swallowed them greedily. Denise started coming then, not once but about three times that I counted, pressing her love mound right into my face as I brought her off. My hand was at my own cunt by now, rubbing myself through my panties, feeling my own juices dripping out, and I came myself then as Denise flopped back onto my bed, exhausted.

Denise and I have been lovers ever since then, though we have to keep our relationship discreet as she has a boyfriend who doesn't know that she's bisexual. When I'm not there to satisfy her with my tongue and fingers, she tells me that she leafs through copies of *Mayfair* and brings herself off over the girls who look most like me - so thanks for keeping her hot and juicy for me!
RW, Barnet

NEIGHBOUR-HOOD WATCH

My next door neighbour is a very sexy woman who I have always fancied, although she has never so much as glanced twice at me as her husband is a very good-looking bloke. I don't think she has any idea

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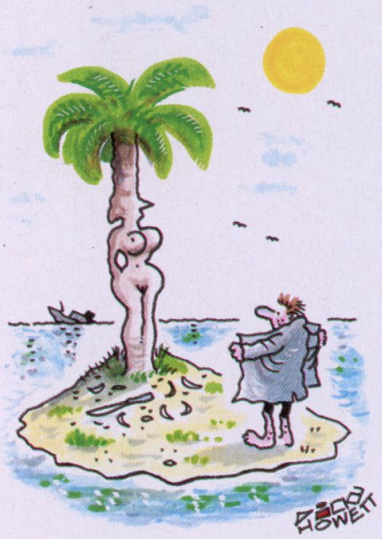

mayfair hears

"What would I give a woman who has everything? My phone number." – *Warren Beatty*

"A hard man is good to find." – *Bette Midler*

"Hey, you know what it's like when you haven't seen each other all day!" – *Bruce Willis explaining why he bonked wife Demi in the loos of an upmarket Hollywood eaterie.*

"I've never faked an orgasm. I choose my partners very carefully." – *Sarah Dallin of* Bananarama

"The secret of our success is that we play music like we've got a big dick." – *Funk rock group The Red Hot Chilli Peppers, who haven't been all that successful...*

mayfair reads

DOOR STOPPER

Every time Frank Fisher's neighbour opens his garage Frank gets a hard-on. Frank – a Toronto schoolteacher – has had an electronic implant in his penis to help cure his impotence. He was fitted with the device and given a small transmitter which he was to use every time he wanted to get an erection. "Everything was going well, but then I started getting erections without using my transmitter," Mr fisher explained. "It was really embarrassing. I'd be doing the gardening in my shorts and my wife would have friends round and suddenly I'd get extremely aroused. It was impossible to hide."

The problem was traced to the remote control device on his neighbour's garage door which was operating on the same frequency. as Frank's implant. He now has the problem of trying to persuade his neighbour to fit a new system. "He says it's too expensive," complains Frank. – *The Lancet*

FLASH IN THE PAN

Yorkshire couple Marcus and Janis Stone claim that their loo is haunted by the ghost of a dead plumber. "We know it's a plumber," claims Marcus, "because we've seen his face floating in the bowl. This is serious for us. We are afraid to use our own toilet." Other ghostly happenings include smoke billowing from the bog and the bowl spontaneously bursting into flames. A clairvoyant claims the disturbances are connected with a plumber who was killed when the house was being built. The couple want to have it exorcised, but local church officials aren't convinced by their story. Funny that. – *World Weekly News*

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of how I fantasise about her wet, juicy cunt and gorgeous breasts. And I don't think she's got any idea of how she really gave me a thrill a couple of months ago either!

I'm not usually at home during the day, so I suppose that she thought no-one would be able to observe her when she sunbathed naked in her garden in the hot afternoon sun. However, unknown to her I had been feeling a bit off colour that morning and had taken the day off sick. I soon perked up when I saw her walk into the garden with the skimpiest of yellow bikinis on though!

My eyes nearly popped out of my head as I observed the way she let her breasts hang free out of the top as she slowly massaged suntan oil into them, paying particular attention to her brown nipples. And I nearly creamed myself as I watched her bend over and give it a good rub into her shapely buttocks and between the crack. I was aching to reach my fingers down inside her cunt and spread those juices around her clitoris and hear her moan in pleasure, but I had to duck out of sight and give myself

a really good wank the next minute, as Helen lay down and exposed her breasts and cunt to the hot sun, rubbing herself all over, her fingers straying over her love mound. She started to rub herself off – there was no doubt about it now – and as one hand worked at her clitty the fingers of the other began to push up her love hole. She had her eyes closed in concentration and came out with

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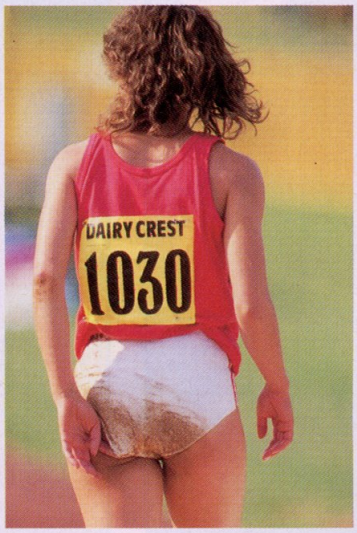
Shorts & curlies!

Never mind running faster and jumping higher – how does a girl maintain her modesty in today's athletics rough-and-tumble? We offer the photographic shy-girl's guide to keeping those curlies under control.

Wrong: Florence Griffith-Joyner raises her hands in triumph, and her short and curlies come out to take a bow too.

Wrong: German Katrin Krabb attempts a cover-up before the start of the 200m, but can't hide her talents...



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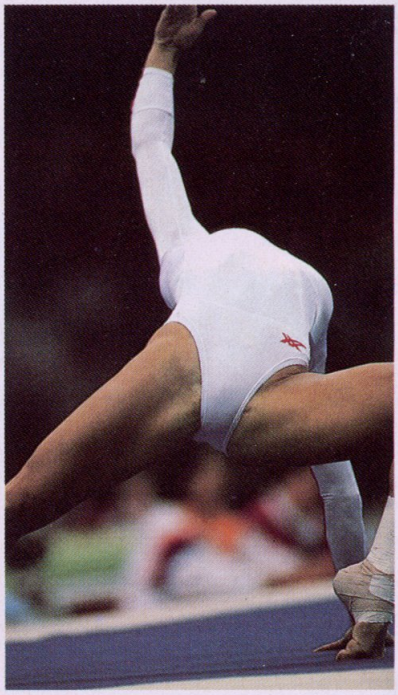

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LETTERS

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Now I often sneak days off work if the weather is good, to try and catch Helen sunbathing nude again, but I don't know what I'm going to do now winter's coming!

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read *Mayfair* until now! No exaggeration – it has completely changed my life.

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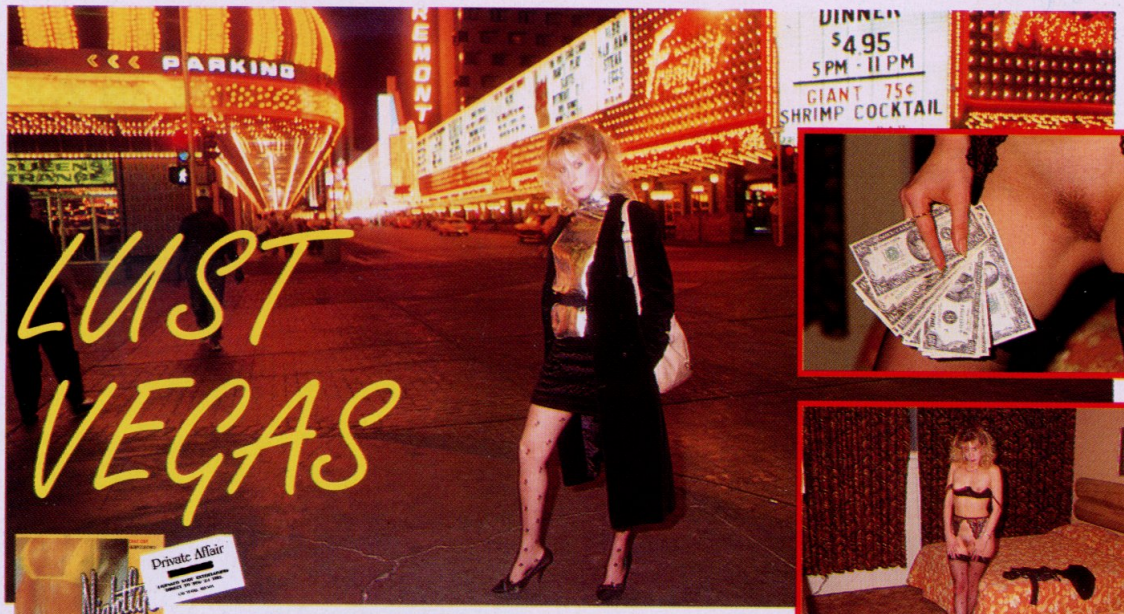
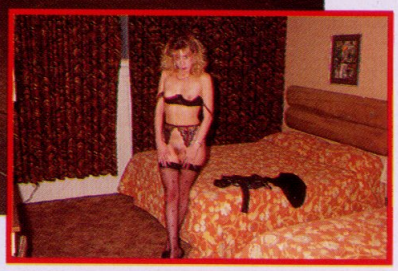


LUST VEGAS



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It's amazing that so many visitors to Las Vegas waste money on pulling a one arm bandit when they could pull a two-arm bed partner who'd be cheaper in the long run!

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It was Saturday night, the dance hall was packed and for the shy beauty sitting alone in the corner it was her first dance. She sat there nervous but excited wondering whether her Sir Galahad would ask her to dance.

Shortly a strapping Scotsman approached our young rose bud and asked in his heavy brogue: "Wud'ya like ta dance, hen?"

"I'd be delighted," she replied, believing her moments of being a wallflower had ended.

But the Scotsman quickly interjected: "Well, you'll no be needing your chair, will ya?"

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"Excuse me," said Bob. "Would you mind putting the whisky in two glasses."

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"It's for sentimental reasons," replied Bob. "When my father died a few years ago it was his final wish that each time I had a drink, I have one for him too."

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"Why's that?" asked the bemused barman.

"The single is my father," replied Bob. "The doctor put me on the wagon this morning."

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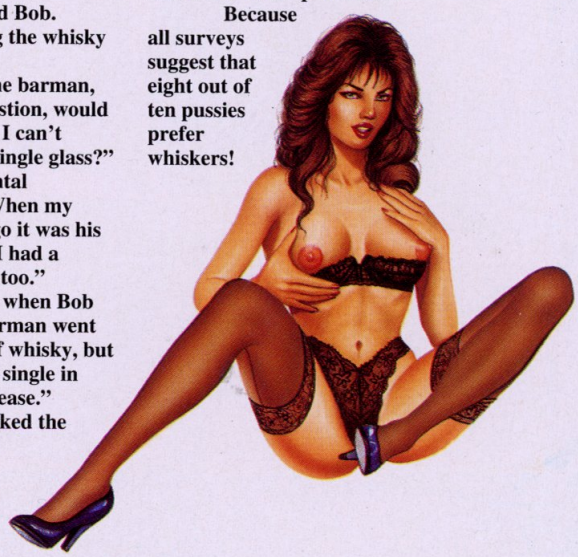


LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

big pile of *Mayfairs*. This kind of surprised me as Sheila lives by herself and, as I've known her for about 15 years, I never thought she'd be the sort of person who would read them. Obviously my surprise showed on my face and Sheila looked really guilty.

"Okay, I'm not going to lie – they're mine,'' she told me, blushing.

I asked her if she got off on seeing naked girls and she replied, "Karen, I'm bi-sexual.''

This came as a total and complete surprise to me. I had never met a lesbian before and had always thought they were short-haired butch looking women, but Sheila was beautiful and voluptuous.

"Look, just do me a favour OK? Take them home, have a look and then tell me that you don't get turned on by women as well,'' she told me.

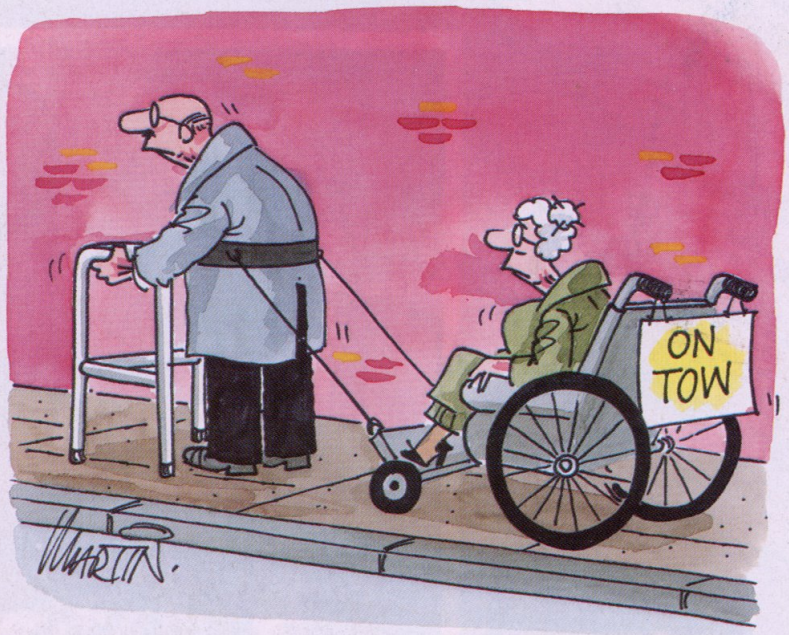
I thought there would be no way in this world that girls would do anything for me, but as soon as I opened the pages to the pictures of the delightful, gorgeous and sexy girls... well, I couldn't help myself. I reached down towards my fanny with one hand while caressing my breasts with the other. I looked

at the girl in the magazine, pouting and showing me her partly shaven fanny. I slipped one finger into my own, and then another. I pressed my palm down hard onto my clitty so I could rub that while masturbating. I was wriggling around on my bed, imagining this sweet and lovely girl was whispering in my ear. I began to pant more and more, my imagination running wild, pretending that my finger was hers while getting more uncontrollable, moaning and plunging my finger into my wet hole, harder and harder until I orgasmed like I couldn't believe was possible.

I saw Karen the next day to return her magazines. "Like them?'' she asked. When I told her that I had spent most of the night playing with myself over and over again, Karen just smiled and suggested that we masturbate together next time. Now I spend most of my time around Karen's house, lounging around, and exploring each other's bodies.

And if it wasn't for you, *Mayfair*, I wouldn't have realised I had all this sexuality waiting to come out! Thanks a lot!

KG, Newcastle Ⓜ



Christmas is coming, and the girls are getting hot. Next month's Mayfair brings you a bumper selection of winter warmers — including a special stocking-filler, *Mayfair's* most popular girl of the year!

Volume 26 Number 13 is on sale November 21.

Next month in Mayfair

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

on thrusting away, until I groaned that I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Don't come inside me," she said. "I want you to come on my feet." This was like a dream come true for me, and I pulled out of her pussy and finished off by coming my load over Stephanie's delicate, pointed toes.

"Massage it in," she told me. "I know you want me to keep my feet soft and beautiful for you." So there I was, massaging my own come into her feet with slow, sensuous, circular movements, all the time both of us getting even more aroused all over again.

The whole experience was just magical and seeing Antonette looking so much like Stephanie really drove me crazy. Thanks, *Mayfair*!
DN, Derbyshire

LAUREN'S LUSCIOUS IN LEATHER!

Your girl Lauren from Vol 26 No 10 really sent me round the bend when I saw her posing in that oh-so-horny leather jacket! I've always had a thing about blondes in black leather, the way their hair shines against the sexy material and how it moulds itself to bare skin.

I'd love to see some outdoor shots of luscious young Lauren posing on a really powerful motorbike, her gorgeous smooth thighs wrapped around the saddle, and if the engine was running so that the vibrations would be going right through her juicy little pussy and making her look all wet and excited then so much the better!

What I wouldn't do to run my hands up the inside of those thighs, inhaling the delicious aroma of the pussy that she'd just unwrapped from a pair of skintight leather trousers, gently pushing those love lips apart with my straining knob and then fucking her until she was begging me to come inside her.

Then I'd play with those beautiful boobs of hers, sucking the nipples and licking between them, making her squirm with pleasure and lust. I'm sure I'm not the only reader who'd love to see young Lauren's

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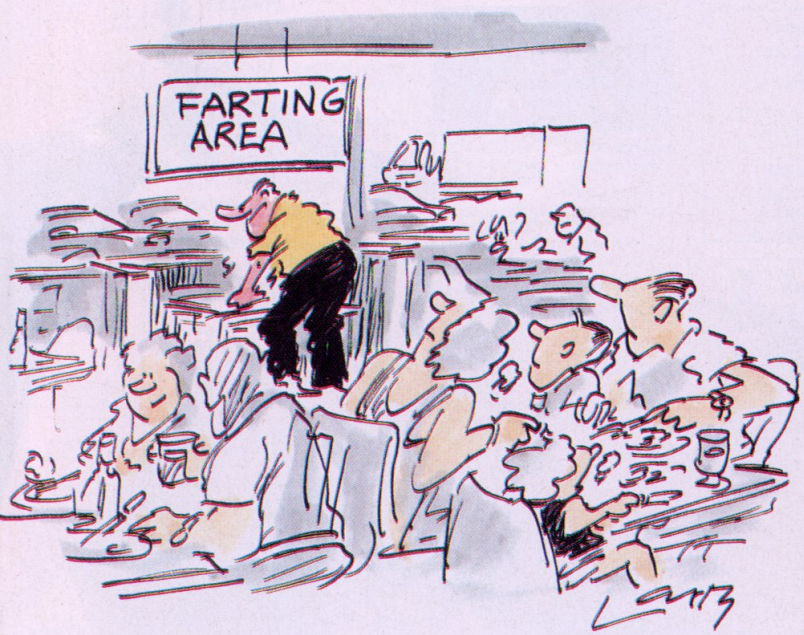


THE SHAP THINGS T

The discreet trim is back, ***our fashion correspondent writes.*** Long and shaggy styles are a thing of the past, and radical razor-cuts are a distant memory. Today's hair should be worn fairly short, shaved at the sides to create that distinctive v-shape, and slickly smoothed down.

It's called the Laurel Canyon Sweep, but don't try it on your head, unless you want to look like last decade's preppie disaster area. The LCS is the lastest fashion in pubic hair.

You won't find trends like this chronicled in the style magazines, but they're taking Britain by storm nevertheless. If you don't believe us, just check out your back issues of *Mayfair*: in the 60s and 70s, pubes were left *au naturel*, in tune with the hippie ethos of the times (though Mary Quant made her name by claiming she had trimmed her bush into a heart shape at the time). In the early 80s, the total shave was in vogue. Now, the cutest curlies come snipped into a small, neat patch at the front of the pubis, while the whole area between the legs is shaved clean: the above-mentioned Laurel Canyon Sweep.

The style got its name from an American blue movie actress. The young lady arrived in Los Angeles to find fame, fortune and other things beginning with f on the flourishing hardcore circuit of the late 80s, and got an appointment with the legendary Jim South, a fast-talking agent who was an old hand at the blue movie bizz.

"You've got what it takes to make it in this business," said Jim, who knew the power of a cliche, "but you need two things: a name and a gimmick."

The name was no problem: in a business peopled by stars with names like Crystal Breeze, Sunny Woods, Patty Plenty and Kitty Luv, nothing was too ludicrous. The girl happened to be staying in a suburb of Los Angeles in the Hollywood Hills. It was called Laurel Canyon.

The gimmick was more of a problem. Various girls on the circuit performed extraordinary

E OF HAT COME

feats of athleticism and endurance, and Laurel wasn't sure she could compete.

She still had nothing when she arrived on set for her first shoot – an epic by the name of Rookie Nookie Newcummers (we kid you not). Still somewhat shyly, 'Laurel' stripped for action, and found she had a gimmick she hadn't even known about: the director, crew and cast raved about her unique pubic hairstyle.

The film was released, and a new fashion was born: in America, where one in two women watch the hardcore videotapes which are allowed by law, the style swept the nation. Most other blue movie stars followed, as well as millions of women who only bared such parts for their husbands or boyfriends.

Slowly but surely, the trend spread to the UK, until now at least half of the aspiring models writing in to *Mayfair* sport the Laurel Canyon Sweep: they may not know the name, but they appreciate the results!

So if your lady is still sporting an unswept bush, our snaps of the attractive alternative might change her mind. And when the next pubic trend comes along, you'll be the first to know!

WIN A DIRTY WEEKEND WITH KIM BASINGER

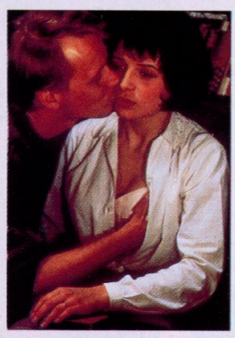
Fancy a dirty weekend with Kim Basinger, Beatrice Dalle and Sherilyn Fenn? Well we've got ten to give away in our fabulous competition!

In a last-ditch attempt to get you to buy their films before they're on TV, those clever people at CBS/Fox have put together the best sexy modern cinema classics in a video package blandly titled *Modern Love Stories*. The five big budget screen sizzlers that set the 80s alight are *Two Moon Junction* starring Twin Peaks' Sherilyn Fenn; *Blue Velvet* with beautiful Lancome girl Isabella Rossellini; *Nine And A Half Weeks*, with a bare Kim Basinger; *Betty Blue* starring the irresistible pout of Beatrice Dalle, and the moving but sensuous *Unbearable Lightness Of Being*. That's an incredible eight and a half hours of pure sex! (Well, sort of – Ed.)

To win your pleasure pack of super-duper-sexy videos just answer the fantastically simple question below. Put your answer on the back of a postcard and send it off to Loadsa Sexy Vids Competition, *Mayfair*, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. The first ten correct entries win.

The extremely difficult question is (drumroll please)... The film in which Kim Basinger kept her clothes on was? a) *My Grandfather Is An Octopus*, b) *My Brother Is A Moron*, or c) *My Stepmother Is An Alien*.

Inclusion of a ten pound note will greatly improve your chance of winning.



KU, WAT-ER SCORCHER!

As the memory of summer faded, a missing Mayfair snapper wandered into the office with a large expenses claim and tales of bouncing Balearic busts...

Yet again, Ibiza was the hottest place to spend the summer this year. The clubs were hot – the action started at 1am and went on till 10, to be followed by a morning in bed and a late afternoon at the beach bar. The weather was hot – a sweltering 100 degrees during August. And the girls were hotter still – when they weren't jiggling their jubblies under a giant water fountain, that is.

Our snaps were taken at Ibiza's KU nightclub, where the sensible management realised that sex is what the punters want when they've had their fill of sun and sangria. A stage was erected over the swimming pool, and girls were invited to compete for the 300,000 peseta prize that would go to the wobbling winner.

The crowned queen was, in fact, an English lass: 18-year-old Simone Clark from Manchester. Unfortunately, after an hour gawping at damp, erotic shimmying our snapper was too far gone in his erotic and alcoholic haze to ask the lady to pose. So, if you're out there, Simone, get in touch! In the meantime, we're making our bookings for Ibiza next year. See you there...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

of how I fantasise about her wet, juicy cunt and gorgeous breasts. And I don't think she's got any idea of how she really gave me a thrill a couple of months ago either!

I'm not usually at home during the day, so I suppose that she thought no-one would be able to observe her when she sunbathed naked in her garden in the hot afternoon sun. However, unknown to her I had been feeling a bit off colour that morning and had taken the day off sick. I soon perked up when I saw her walk into the garden with the skimpiest of yellow bikinis on though!

My eyes nearly popped out of my head as I observed the way she let her breasts hang free out of the top as she slowly massaged suntan oil into them, paying particular attention to her brown nipples. And I nearly creamed myself as I watched her bend over and give it a good rub into her shapely buttocks and between the crack. I was aching to reach my fingers down inside her cunt and spread those juices around her clitoris and hear her moan in pleasure, but I had to duck out of sight and give myself

a really good wank the next minute, as Helen lay down and exposed her breasts and cunt to the hot sun, rubbing herself all over, her fingers straying over her love mound. She started to rub herself off – there was no doubt about it now – and as one hand worked at her clitty the fingers of the other began to push up her love hole. She had her eyes closed in concentration and came out with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Shorts & curlies!

Never mind running faster and jumping higher – how does a girl maintain her modesty in today's athletics rough-and-tumble? We offer the photographic shy-girl's guide to keeping those curlies under control.

Wrong: Florence Griffith-Joyner raises her hands in triumph, and her short and curlies come out to take a bow too.

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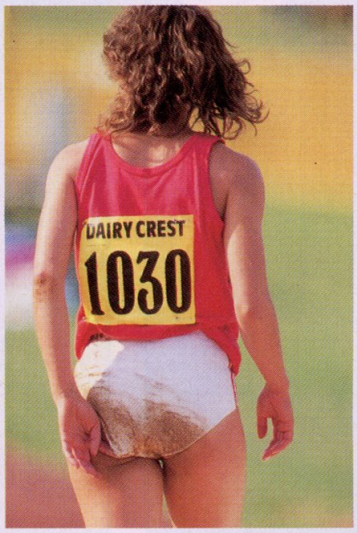

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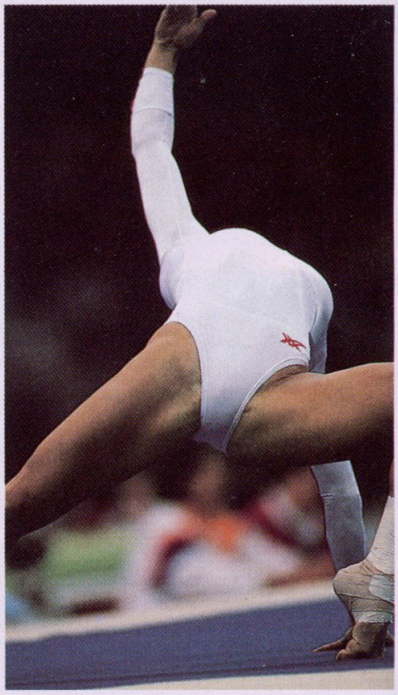

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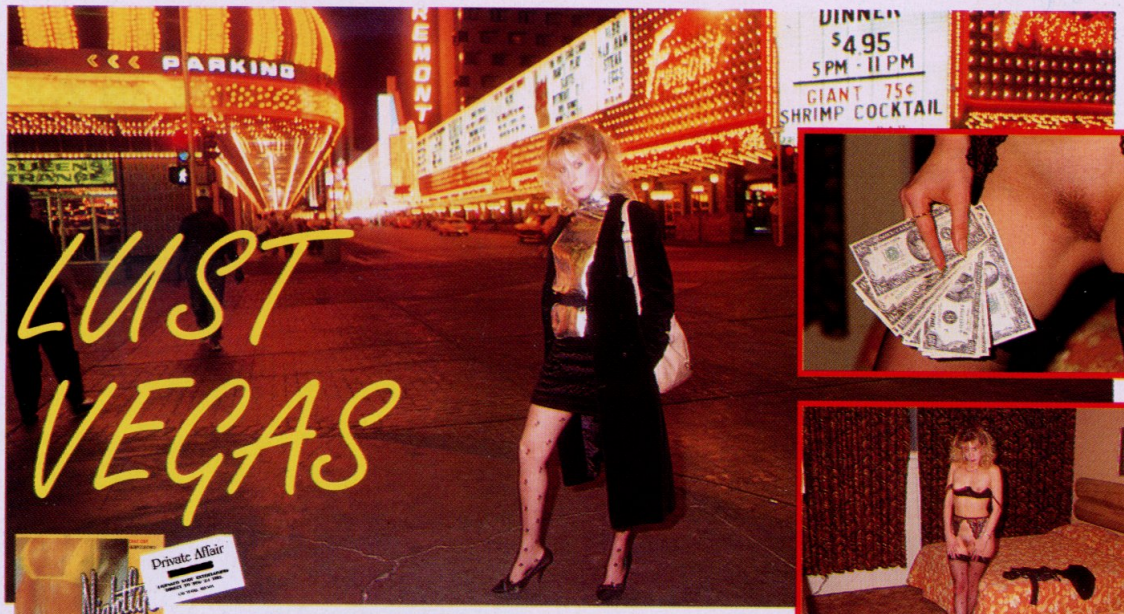

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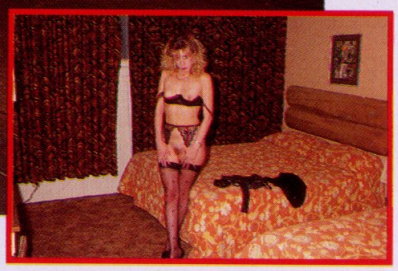

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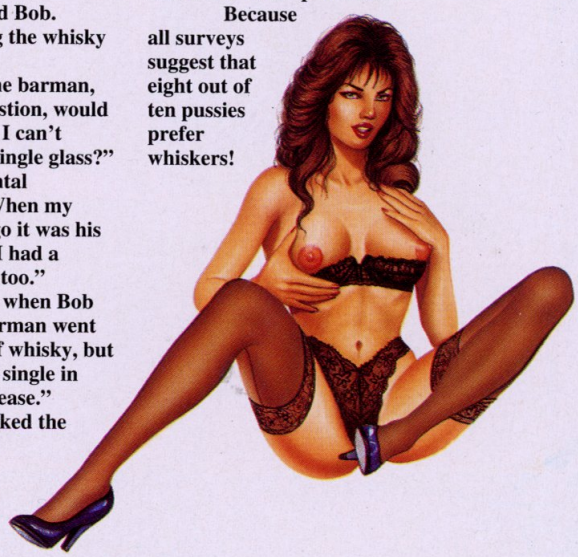


SIN CITIES

XXXCLUSIV

Why is Norwich nawk-crazy and Brum in love with plump rumps? Cos our readers say so! Based on your correspondence, we present our guide to the ten most sex-mad cities in Britain.

Every month *Mayfair* receives hundreds of readers' letters. Unfortunately, we can only print a few of these, but we read them all. What's more, recently we've been jotting down what's going on (and coming off) where in the country. So now, we're able to unveil our exclusive AA (Anatomy Admirers) Guide to the UK (AAGUK – snappy title, huh?), starting with the ten towns and cities that write to us most, and what they write about!

GLASGOW

Last year's city of culture has a reputation for being tough, and Glaswegian girls are just that. They'll grab you by the Gorbals and smash your tenements if you don't do as they say. Leather underwear isn't just a turn-on for this lot, it's body armour – and when they want fun, they have the studs pointing inwards! Glaswegian men get more than their fair share of dominating ladies, and despite their macho act they seem to love gutsy girls who make the running – and the leather-clad lasses are happy to oblige!

Glasgow kisses: dominating misses

BIRMINGHAM

Brummies do like their ladies to make a National Exhibition of themselves. Girls with plump rumps and chests big enough to keep Long John Silver happy, squeezed into clinging low-cut clothes are the first choice of the second city. No prissy missies here: Birmingham girls like a good time and are loud about it. They put the okay in karaoke, and expect their men to be equally outrageous. A snog in the smog seems to be the Black Country's favourite pastime.

Brum's best: big bottoms

BELFAST

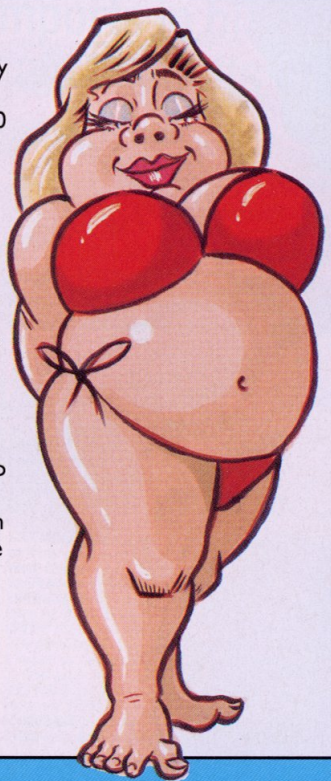
When Irish thighs are smiling any Danny boy will feel the calling of his pipe. Every time we show shots of a lissome, long legged lovely, we get dozens of excited pleas from the sex counties – expecially if the pins are encased in classy stockings. Legs apart, the ladies are some of the rudest in the UK: don't believe those demure expressions – it seems an Ulster girl loves a three-some! It must be that London derriere...

Northern Ireland nookie: leggy lovelies

SWANSEA

Sauce-pot Bach! Despite many saying that the best thing to come out of Wales is the 2.30 from Cardiff to Paddington, it is possible to find a Welsh rare bit of all right. Swansea men seem to like their ladies juicy, warm, and as tender as their roast lamb (though not as active). With well-rounded thighs and gently rolling tums, they take it in shifts to explore the valleys — well, they're used to digging for things. Once in a while, one gets trapped, and they have to send a team of men with lamps on their hats to get him out! Seriously, no wonder the Welsh are a rugby washout: they've used up all their energy in the sexy scrum!

Welsh rarebit: roly-poly puddings



PLYMOUTH

All the nice girls love a sailor, and most of the naughty ones too. There are plenty of able-bodied tars to choose

WHERE TO COME IN THE UK

ABERDEEN

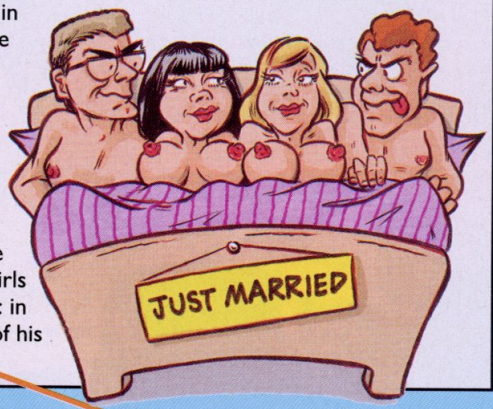
Six weeks on the rig is oil well and good but it doesn't do anything for a frustrated driller's sex life. No wonder the Page Three girl is so popular with Piper Alpha. These slick pin-ups are the best in their field, as far as a randy rigger is concerned, and have these crude guys gushing like an unexpected strike. But after all that peeking on the platform, what the average oilman really wants from the lassie indoors is a down-home doggie-style session. And lady Aberdonians seem pretty happy with that: they send in piles of fantasies about drilling in the most unlikely places!
Oil's well in the end!

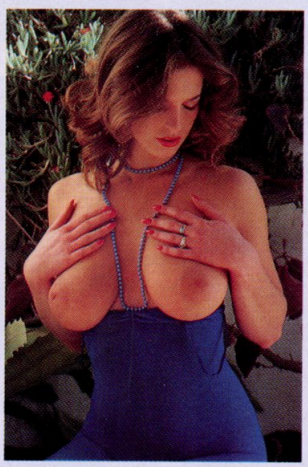
MANCHESTER

Forget *Coronation Street*, these days the capital of the North has more in common with the Granada Ghia than Granada TV. In this nouveau riche nerve centre, the obsession is with slender girls with pert bots that barely wobble. Their love of little tits lends support to the Outspan theory (small ones are more juicy). However, letters from Lancashire tend to be rather reserved when it comes to talking about sex. The closest you'll get to a frank and earnest discussion is a chat in the pub with the two regulars, Big Ern and Little Frankie. Permissiveness, like some of the residents, has just never made it.
Scally sex object: slender, haughty girls

NEWCASTLE

It's a case of "Have-it-away, the lads!" in what seems to be Britain's randiest region. Not only do the guys like all the girls in *Mayfair* so long as they're nude and rude, but in their sex lives they have fewer reservations than a Bridlington hotel in November. All the adults seem to be enjoying adultery, with wives being swapped like library books! And the girls aren't missing out either: in some parts, by the end of his round, the milkman only delivers in time for cocoa! You have to have stamina to be a Geordie.
Geordie favourite: wife-swapping

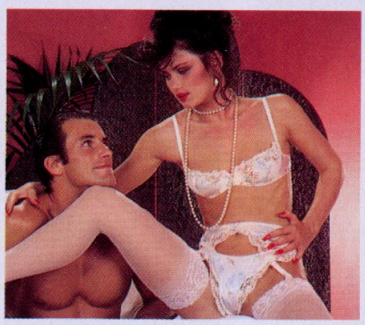




NORWICH

In East Anglia, everything is flat, except the local population. Norfolk men love well-endowed ladies, and never stop writing about the big stars in *Mayfair* like Maria Whittaker and Topsy. You have to admire their damsels' daring. Norfolk broads are always prepared to try new things and are seldom shy about blow jobs, diddy rides or anything else. Judging from the girls' letters, they offer more positions than a Norfolk Post Office, and you don't have to wait so long to get served!
Eastern promise: busty beauties

from in the Southwest, and the ladies of Devon welcome them with open legs. According to the wobbly handwritten notes we get telling tales of recently discharged seamen, the local ladies love nothing better than a good gobble – and the sailors are quite happy for them to blow as hard as they like! This is the place to pick up loose women, and nothing starts a jolly Jack off better than tarty clothes. Tight satin, high heels and seamed stockings are the official uniform for bosom buddies expecting a little fun around the naval base.
Devon delight: creamy treats



LONDON

The sophisticated capital lives up to its image with *Mayfair* readers from the Southeast seduced by gorgeous gowns and lacy lingerie. Janet Reger reigns supreme in the land of silk and cunny with most of our mail from men obsessed with sliding inside something shiny. The ladies love to tease too, and a slow strip-tease is what they say works best. Then they like a long session of seductive foreplay. It's not only the traffic that goes slowly in London!
Capital kink: lacy lingerie

Please note, these facts were taken from your letters. If your town or city was not represented or represented incorrectly, it's because girls and guys from your area haven't sent us enough saucy stories or comments on the girls. So if you want to see your town in the Mayfair Sex Survey, it's up to you: grab that pen and paper, and start scribbling!

Chapter Five: The Middle Ages

Whirling through the Ages like a big whirly thing, Mayfair's amazing time machine reaches the Middle bit where Professor Stefan Backwards discovers that not all Saints are wooden TV sports presenters with obvious toupees...

As the name implies, the Middle Ages were a kind of historical menopause. This meant that while nothing much happened, the little that did was greeted with total hysteria, a situation which still exists to this day in Swindon.

The combination of the planet's hormonal changes and the fact that there was absolutely nothing to do resulted in massive explosions of violence. Indeed you were more likely to see battered cod-pieces in the Middle Ages than at Harry Ramsden's Chip Shop on a Bank Holiday Weekend. There were wars all the time; the 100 Years War, the Anglo-Scots War, the Great Northern War and, most worst of all, the Auberon War.

But, of course, it wasn't all blood, guts and personal hygiene problems. It was also a time of religious faith. Holy men emerged such as Venerable Bede (who wrote the first history of Britain) and the Venerable Bardot (who didn't write anything at all, but with a name like that who gives a damn?).

Joust One Of Those Foolish Things

It was also the Age of Chivalry. There was no-one more famous for their chivalry than King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table (except of course for Sir Ramic and the Knights of the Avocado Bathroom Suite).

King Arthur's ancestry was fairly complicated. His grandmother was a witch who transformed herself into the shape of her brother's wife so that she could conceive a child by him. This proved successful and she gave birth to twins — a boy and a girl. The girl became a witch too and pretty soon she got a sneaky desire to disguise herself as her brother's missus and have a couple of kids by him. This she did and lo and behold she gave birth to twins — a boy and a girl. And the boy was Arthur. Later on, unnaturally enough, Arthur's sister got... *(That's enough improbable relationships — Ed)*.

You might well ask what were the police and social services doing while all this was going on? Well, the fact is that they had their hands full with Sleeping Beauty's 'stranger snogged me while I slept' saga; a Princess who went around molesting frogs; and a psychopath named Jack who was slaying giants without a licence and chopping down beanstalks in direct contravention of the Greenbelt Act.

King Arthur's Court *("Really? What are the charges?" — Amusing Medieval Jester)* was at Camelot. Nowadays nobody is certain whereabouts in Britain this was. One thing is certain, however: it was nowhere near Swindon.

Every Saturday afternoon the fields around Camelot were given over to a tournament of knightly arts. These were: archery contests, unarmed combat, jousting, karaoke, trivia quizzes and a pin-the-arm-on-the-leper competition.

These events were watched by King Arthur and the ladies of the court. The ladies granted the knights favours, such as a hankie to adorn their armour. For instance Sir Percival wore Lady Ermintrude's glove pinned to the visor of his helmet, whilst Sir Lancelot had Lady Rita's red satin brassiere pinned to his. And Lady Sharon's suspender belt. And Lady Mandy's camisole. And Lady Sheri's leopard skin French knickers. In fact when Sir Lancelot was at a tournament he resembled the window of Anne Summers.

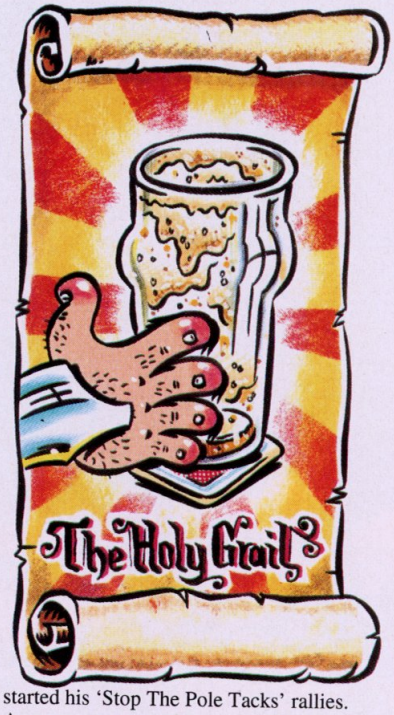
But at least he was normal, which is more than can be said for Sir Gawaine. For years Gawaine's colleagues thought he suffered from bad dreams. Then they found out that when he said, "I've just had a nightmare", he meant he'd been down to the stables ("He often felt a little horse in the morning!" — AMJ).

Along with the tournaments a knight's life was taken up with quests. These involved freeing ladies from towers, fighting giants, battling dragons and spotting drag artists. During his final quest Sir Victor rode to the Victoria Woods and did battle with a giant man-eating lemon sorbet called Bobby who bit off his legs. This gave rise to a popular quip of the period:

Q: Where would you find a knight with no legs?

A: Exactly where you left him.

However the most famous quest of all was undertaken by Sir Percival — the search for the Holy Grail. The quest lasted for 25 years. Which only goes to prove that some landlords will do anything to get one of their glasses back.



Robin The Rich

After the death of King Arthur, the people of England waited with baited breath for their next hero to emerge. Happily he arrived just as they begun to change a livid shade of mauve. His name was Robin Hood and he lived in Sherwood Forest.

(Although in fact in those days it was still called Sure Would Forest on account of that being the commonest reply given by the local ladies.)

Robin was a medieval version of the Labour Party — he robbed from the rich to give to the poor, wore a grey suit and said "totally and utterly" an awful lot — which often brought him into conflict with the right-wing Notts council. This was especially true when, in a bid to protect the ailing Midlands nail manufacturing industry from cheap imported goods from Eastern Europe, he started his 'Stop The Pole Tacks' rallies. As a consequence of these the Sheriff of Nottingham sent a group of council workers into the forest to try and close down Robin's camp on the grounds that it contravened local planning laws. They also discovered that the camp was a health hazard. When they got within 100 yards of it they were shot full of arrows.

Robin's camp was full of outlaws. There was Friar Tuck, Will Scarlett, Alan A'Dale, Little John, Little Richard, Good Golly Miss Molly and Maid Marion. Apparently Maid Marion and Robin were supposed to be lovers, but many historians suspect that Marion was actually having an affair with the head of a local monastery. Robin often found himself alone at nights because Maid Marion had a 'Prior Engagement'.

In spite of this, Robin remained a cheerful chap. He was very much the Les Dennis of his day, given to making jokes such as: "You are a big fellow and your name is John Little, therefore I shall call you 'Little' John - ho, ho, ho!" Robin's followers were known as the 'Merry Men', but let's face it, they'd

Three Great Medieval Saints

Saint John — Patron Saint of crap Scottish goalkeepers.
Saint Johnstone — Patron saint of crap Scottish Football teams.
Saint Mirren — Patron Saint of sexy middle-aged actresses who take off their clothes rather a lot, though not often enough as far as we're concerned.

The Amusing Medieval Jester's Top 3 Gags

1) What's the difference between Wat Tyler and Watney's? Watney's has got a head on it!
2) What's the difference between a celibate man and Robert the Bruce? Only one of them needs to be bloody well hung!
3) How many English monarchs does it take to change a candle? Two. One to change the candle and the other to liberate the Holy land and recapture Jerusalem *(Bit of satire, ladies and gentleman, know what I mean?)*

Lesser Known Legendary Heroes

1) William Gel — The Swiss hero. He shot an apple off his son's head with a crossbow, then noticed that the resulting dribble of juice had made the hair more manageable and easier to fashion into trendier styles. Sadly. two years later Gel died when a large deer fell on his head. He is believed to be the only person to die from having too much moose in their hair.
2) El Syd — Spanish hero. El Syd freed Spain from the Moors by the simple expedient of appearing on telly with his mate El Eddie.
3) Siegfried — Teutonic hero. Siegfried has terrible trouble with 'The Ring of Fire'. Which proves that vindaloo curries were available even in medieval Germany. Siegfried's fame was assured when Wagner wrote an opera about him entitled 'The Ring Cycle'. Wagner's next opera 'The Spin Cycle', about a Bendix top loader called Alvin, was sadly never completed.

have to be the 'Pissed Out Of Their Minds Men' to laugh at a quip like that.

Although Robin was an Englishman, recent studies of the 'Runes Of Ye Holy Wood' suggest that he spoke with an American accent. This irregularity is believed to have been caused by a common disease known as Crappyactors Syndrome, or Costner's Complaint.

Eventually, after many scrapes, Robin lay on his death bed in a local convent. He was asked where he'd like to be buried and, taking up his trusty bow, replied, "I shall shoot an arrow into the air. Where it landeth, bury me there". Those wishing to visit his grave will find it on top of the wardrobe, Room 36, The Convent, Nottingham.

Harfleur Sixpence

The most important event of the Middle Ages was the 100 Years War. As its name implies, this lasted for 123 years, 7 months and 16 days. It was fought between England and France over who should own the duty-free shops in Calais. The English got off to a flying start with a 5-0 trouncing of the French at Crecy. On this occasion the English army was lead by the Black Prince, 'Rappin' Edward. Two years before, Edward had won a great victory at Falkirk which earned him the nickname, 'The MC Hammer of the Scots'.

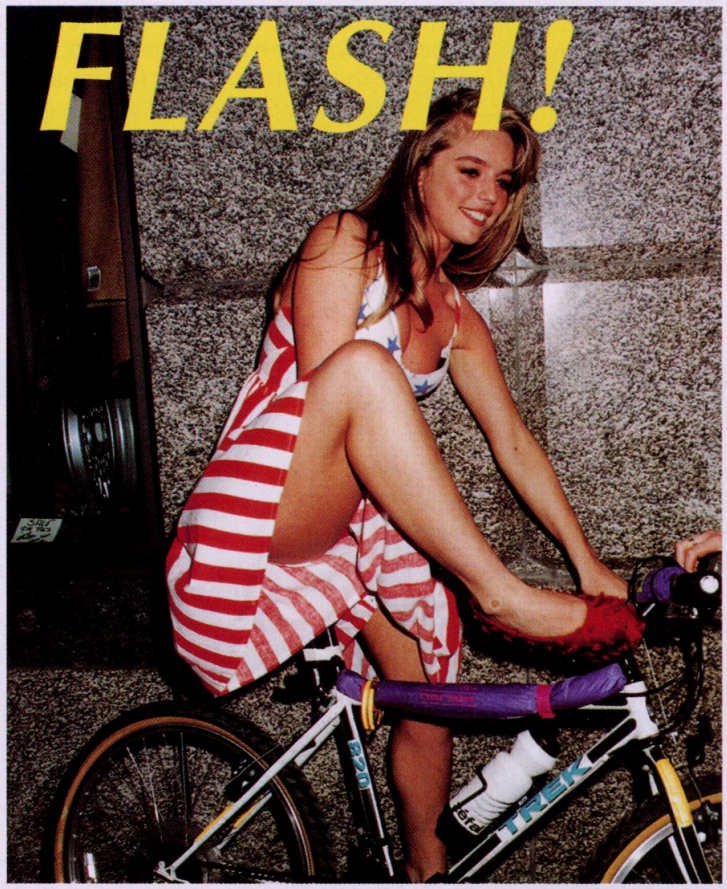
England's next military leader was even greater. Henry the Fifth was the Medieval equivalent of Gazza. Hero worshipped by all, he went up to Northumberland to make a record with the monks of Lindisfarne. Luckily they had taken a vow of silence and nothing more was heard of the matter. As a result of his popularity Henry attracted big sponsorship deals. His speech at the walls of Harfleur during the Agincourt Campaign was a masterpiece of cunningly concealed commercial plugs: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;/ Or close the wall up with Wilson's cavity insulation!/ In peace there's nothing so becomes a man/ As modest stillness and Burton's tailoring;/ But when the blast of a Sony Walkman blows in your ears./ Then imitate the actions of the Tiger beer;/ Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,/ Use Jiffy condoms for safety and comfort./ I see you stand like grey-hounds in Catford Stadium/ Straining upon the 'Start'. The game's afoot;/ Free your spirit; And upon this Amex charge card/ *Sign 'God for Harrods, England and Saint Michael."*

Sadly the English could not go on winning indefinitely. A valiant French woman emerged and thrashed us. Her name was Prime Minister Cresson *(Shouldn't that be Joan of Arc? — Ed).*

Medieval Pastimes and Sports

1) Cathedral Building Race — Teams competed to see who could erect a real whopper quickest. The boys from Lincoln romped home in a record 236 years, 8 months, 4 days.
2) Pro-Celebrity Executions — Top personalities such as Wat Tyler, Lambert Simnell and Mary Queen of Scots competed to see who could draw top marks from the panel with their performances on the gallows. Beaten contestant Wolsingham summed things up when he said, "I don't know what went wrong, David, I'm completely choked and gutted."
3) Synchronised Witch Ducking. Self explanatory.

FLASH!



You know, Page Three super star Suzanne Mizzi gets about these days... on her bike, and *Flash!* caught her at it. When the beautiful blonde isn't sizing up the opposition like singer Rose Marie (below), she's riding round town on her two-wheeler. I were right about that seat though... And talking of seats here's a more comfort-able one belonging to Howard's Way actress Victoria Burgoyne (right). Apparently she hasn't got a big part, but it's well-rounded all the same. We'd join her for a role on deck any time!

jokes

It was Saturday night, the dance hall was packed and for the shy beauty sitting alone in the corner it was her first dance. She sat there nervous but excited wondering whether her Sir Galahad would ask her to dance.

Shortly a strapping Scotsman approached our young rose bud and asked in his heavy brogue: "Wud'ya like ta dance, hen?"

"I'd be delighted," she replied, believing her moments of being a wallflower had ended.

But the Scotsman quickly interjected: "Well, you'll no be needing your chair, will ya?"

Every night on the way home from work Bob would stop at *Ye Olde Dog and Duck* pub and order two shots of whisky in two glasses. After a few years of this a new barman served Bob and instead of serving the single shots in two glasses he put a double whisky in one glass.

"Excuse me," said Bob. "Would you mind putting the whisky in two glasses."

"Alright," said the barman, "but if it's not a rude question, would you mind explaining why I can't simply put a double in a single glass?"

"It's for sentimental reasons," replied Bob. "When my father died a few years ago it was his final wish that each time I had a drink, I have one for him too."

The next evening when Bob called into the pub the barman went to pour him two glasses of whisky, but Bob stopped him: "Just a single in one glass from now on, please."

"Why's that?" asked the bemused barman.

"The single is my father," replied Bob. "The doctor put me on the wagon this morning."

Why is it that most women don't shave off their pubic hair?

Because all surveys suggest that eight out of ten pussies prefer whiskers!

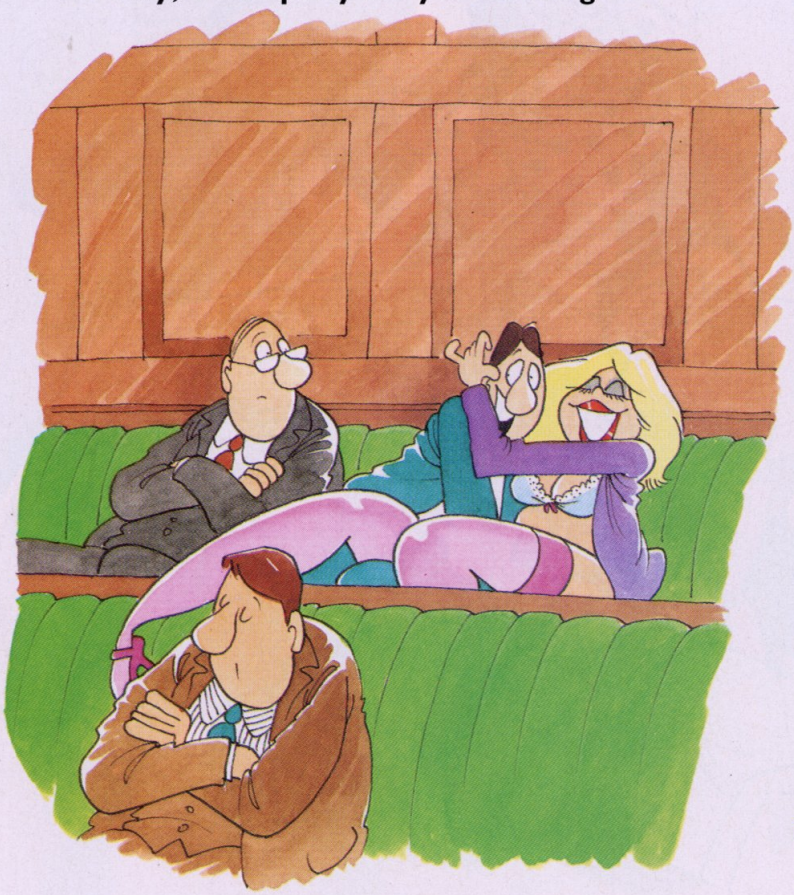
dishonourable members!

Cartoonist Anthony is all in favour of having more women in Parliament: it might make MPs stop talking and get on with something useful!

I take it we're all agreed on Miss Cracklethorpe being our new candidate for the forthcoming by-election?

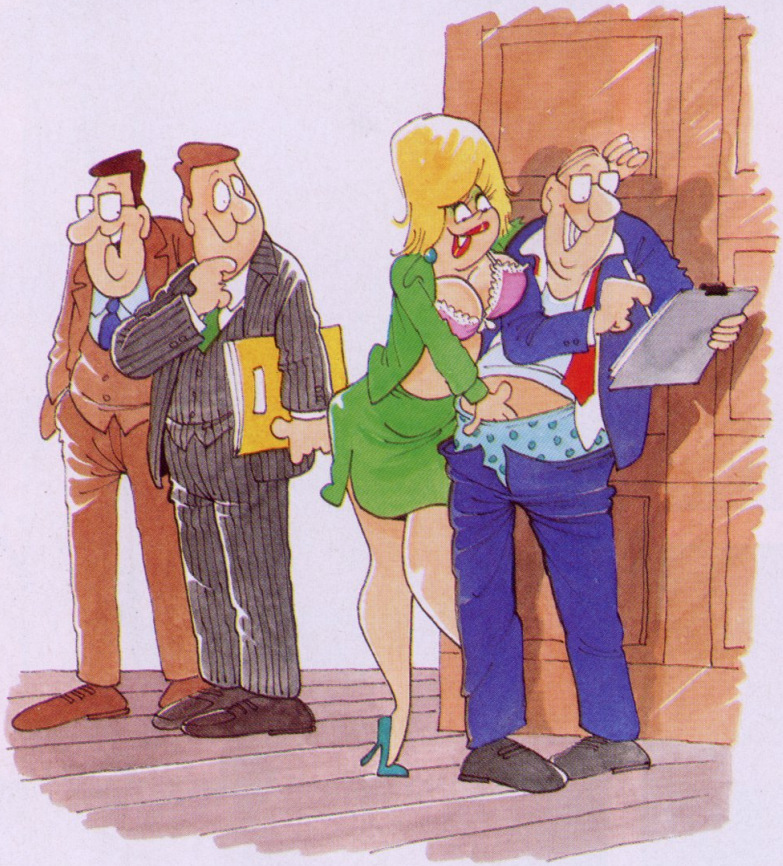
Well you can certainly count on my vote. By the way, which party are you standing for?

I see what you mean about her seat being vulnerable...



Looks like this could well be another all-night session!

That's a dashed sneaky way of getting the speaker's attention!



She's canvassing support for her private member's bill

Blast! Jack's managed to pair himself with the honorable lady for Twitchthorpe East

Order! Order! ... Oh, please yourselves then...

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

During its investigations, Quest has found that many respondents have a fantasy figure around whom all their sexual ideas are based. Our three respondents this month describe how their particular fantasy figures have affected their own sex lives.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs C
Sex... Female
Age... 25
Town of origin... Londonderry
Other details... This social worker is married, but has an entirely separate sex life with an older woman who has been her fantasy figure for many years.

Quest: In contrast to many of our respondents, you haven't had a series of fantasy figures around which you've woven elaborate sexual dreams, have you?

Mrs C: No. I don't think I've that much of an imagination when it comes to sex, but for the one exception that I'm going to tell you all about. I first started fantasizing about Maureen when I was still in my mid-teens, all in a very harmless way, of course.

Maureen is the mother of one of my closest friends, and I've known her almost my whole life, as she and her family have always lived just around the corner from my home. As I got older I began to notice just what a fine looking woman she is: she's a tall and buxom redhead, with slim ankles and long legs, and one of those firm but large bottoms that really handsome older women often have. She really is very good looking.

As I got older I became aware of females in a sexual way, and I started to notice the way Maureen's breasts looked when she turned sideways, the turn of her calves in her sheer stockings that she always wore, the way her high heels accentuated her delicate feet...

I had a real thing about her feet. Despite being tall, she had really small and well-formed feet, which she often wore in strappy sandals, those really high ones with the spiky heels and the straps around the ankles, so that her high arches were shown off at their best. I always wonder now whether she did this on purpose, because perhaps she had noticed the way I looked at her, but I've never asked her yet.

Despite being the mother of my best mate Barbara, Maureen is still only 42 and gorgeous for her age: she could easily pass for a woman ten years younger. When I first started to involve her in my fantasies I was about 18, though I'd begun to fantasize about her well before that. For ages I felt guilty about the fact that she'd get me wet whenever I thought about undressing her and licking the valley between her lovely, generous breasts and then snaking my tongue further down so that I could lick her clitty and hear her moaning and sighing my name as she urged me to tongue-fuck her.

Gradually I found that I was thinking about Maureen in a sexual way more and more often. I got a real guilty kind of pleasure thinking of her like that, imagining her naked on my bed with her legs spread wide around her shoulders, her open pussy gaping and wet and surrounded by the lovely red bush that I was sure she'd have. When I thought of her like that, I'd have to pull down my panties and stroke all around my pussy hole with light touches before plunging first one, then two fingers in, playing with myself until I was almost climaxing. I used to really savour that delicious feeling of being on the verge of coming for as long as I could, as I imagined what Maureen's warm, sticky mouth would feel like as it engulfed my pussy and she nibbled on my clitty, gulping down my juices as I gave her everything I could.

The picture I'd have in my mind of her then would have me coming. I'd hold her face in my cunt, and then I'd rub my come into her skin and lick it off her face for her, then start the whole thing all over again, this time with Maureen having the orgasm. For an 18-year-old I always thought that my fantasies were pretty far advanced, but looking back they were probably quite tame!

But things changed over a period of time when I was coming up to my 20th birthday. Looking back now I could see that she'd been taking more than a friendly notice of me for quite a while, but because I felt so guilty about having her as my fantasy figure I was trying to hide it from her and hadn't noticed myself. It took a while before she made the move on me, and it came quite unexpectedly when she called round to our house to see my mother and found me by myself, as I was out of work then.

I offered to make her a cup of coffee and that was when she shocked me by saying, "You know it isn't coffee that I want."

She obviously knew that I was still a virgin, because she came right up close to me and smiled. "I've watched you growing up into a gorgeous young woman," she told me, reaching down and rubbing between my legs. I knew she must be able to tell how wet I

was down there already.

Things happened really quickly after that. We went upstairs and I was so turned on and nervous that it was honestly difficult to walk. She slowly stripped off in front of me and I got a good look at every inch of her body as she did so, and she let me fondle her gently, touching her nipples and her navel and her lovely red bush.

"Kneel down," she then told me, "and touch my feet. I love having my feet stroked."

As her feet had featured strongly in my fantasies I was on my knees instantly, caressing her long toes and licking the balls of them. They smelled beautifully of talc and her own scent, truly fantastic. After I'd dealt with her feet she pushed my head to her pussy and nuzzled my nose in those red

her juices in my mouth, but by then she could tell that my pussy was urgently demanding some attention. Truthfully, I

"She nibbled on my clitty, gulping down my love juices"

pubes, then told me to lick her until she came. "Every girl you have in future will thank me for teaching you this properly!" she told me. I didn't know then that I was going to have any more women, but how right she was!

She tasted so wonderful that I didn't want to stop sucking her clitoris and love-hole when she started coming. I loved tasting

could barely hold myself back when she lay back on the bed and watched me undress, then pulled me down onto the bed to lie beside her.

Then she parted my legs wide and pointed to my pussy hole. "That's where you want my tongue, isn't it?" she asked me. "I'm going to bury it right inside you."

Although it was my first time I think I acquitted myself pretty well, because as she thrust in and out of me with long, firm strokes of her tongue I was moaning and pushing my hips right up to her, urging her deeper inside. I think she was shocked that I got the hang of things so quickly because Maureen was very excited herself and kept telling me that I was certainly learning very quickly how to be a good screw.

After that, Maureen taught me a lot about sex, as we slept together on a regular basis, sometimes at my house when my parents were out, sometimes at her house. Obviously as she was a friend of the family and suchlike the whole thing had to be kept secret, which just added to the excitement of the situation and made the sex even better.

Quest: You carried on your affair with Maureen, but at the same time she encouraged you to sleep with both men and girls of your own age, didn't she?

Mrs C: Yes, and as she'd promised, all the techniques she'd taught me were really appreciated by my subsequent girlfriends! I soon learnt that all girls love to lie back and just have their pussies licked until they're screaming, and that guys love to have the same techniques practised on their cocks. And I discovered that many girls like to have their feet played with and massaged before sex too. Maureen really did teach me a lot, but while I was soon having quite serious relationships with partners my own age I was still sleeping with Maureen, and learning even more from her.

My husband doesn't know anything about Maureen, but my previous boyfriend before I met him did – in fact, we once had a threesome which I think was the most erotic thing that's ever happened to me. I'd been seeing this guy for a while, and the sex between us was good. Maureen was quite curious about Chris, and eventually I introduced them. It was Maureen who brought up the subject of three-in-a-bed; she said that I ought to experience it at least once in my life. I dithered about whether to tell Chris, and eventually I asked him what he thought of me still sleeping with Maureen and if he would be interested in the idea. I was really shocked when he admitted that he'd always wanted to try it!

The sight of Chris and Maureen fucking together, a blond and a redhead naked on top of each other, stroking the other's body and Chris licking Maureen's pussy and between her legs while she sucked his throbbing prick, was more than enough to have me stroking my pussy instantly. Maureen really managed to bring Chris off powerfully, his prick spraying spunk everywhere, and when I got sandwiched between them and Chris put his prick first inside me and then Maureen, that was the most intense sexual experience I've ever had. I eventually came and Chris came inside me, while at the same time I felt Maureen licking the base of his shaft and fondling his balls.

Quest: So is Maureen still your fantasy figure, despite the fact that you still regularly have sex with her?

Mrs C: Oh yes, because with Maureen I can do anything and ask her to do anything, and I know she'll never be shocked by anything I want in bed.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL
FILE
Name...
Miss L
Sex... Female
Age.... 22
Town of
origin...
Nottingham
Other details.... This attractive blonde is single and describes herself as promiscuous, despite having had a very strict upbringing where sex was taboo.

Quest: By your own admittance you are very sexually active, promiscuous even: was this caused by your upbringing?

Miss L: Definitely, yes. My parents were really strict with me, I think it was because they both had rather repressed backgrounds. I never heard any noises come from their bedroom and I'm sure I was an immaculate conception! I was always asking questions about sex but my parents would just tell me off for even mentioning it. This, of course, made me curious.

Quest: So when was it that you started to, as you yourself put it, sleep around?

Miss L: When I was 18, I suppose. I'd always been interested in thinking about sex, and for as long as I could remember I'd been an active masturbater. I'd always be playing with my clit night after night in bed, biting my lip so that my parents and sister didn't hear me groaning and sighing when I was coming, covering the insides of my thighs with my own sweet smelling juices.

But I never had the chance to put any of my fantasies into practice until I'd started work at an insurance office. It was my very first taste of freedom; having my own money, no parents looking over my shoulder all the time. Up to that point I satisfied myself by having fantasies about various teachers and other girls who I went to school with and so on. I remember I used to frig myself off while dreaming about a certain well known female newsreader for years. She was so beautiful and always looked perfect. I would video her off the television and while I watched her I would finger-fuck myself, pretending it was her finger sliding in and out my creamy cunt. I could just imagine her upper-class voice saying to me, "Are you enjoying this? Is my finger pleasing you?" And I'd be panting yes, while furiously teasing my titties and squeezing my clit, sweating and getting more and more turned on. The explosive orgasms I'd have after that would be so intense.

I soon realised though that I had to have sex. I wanted to actually feel some guy's throbbing dick in me, or some girls hot tongue and finger. Fantasizing was still turning me on, but I needed the real thing.

I first saw Darren when he came to service all the new equipment that we'd just had installed at my department. I took one look at his long legs, curly hair and the way his black trousers showed off what looked like a very promising packet outline and I knew that I wanted him to service *my* equipment! However, he was going out with one of the girls who I worked with, so I had to content myself with thinking about him night after night. I'd pull my pantie gusset aside so that I could slip my fingers up through the silky folds of my pussy and feel how I'd get wetter and wetter as I imagined Darren slipping a hand up between my legs and pushing two fingers up inside me, taking my soaking gusset up with them as he frigged me off. Then I'd think about kneeling down in front of him and pulling out that cock I'd heard so much about – the reason why he was nicknamed Big Darren – seeing it growing in front of my eyes as I pulled the foreskin right back and gently licked the plum-coloured, turgid helmet. I could almost feel the silky sensation of the pre-come covering the eye of his knob as the tip of my tongue was applied to the velvet soft skin.

My fantasy would go into slow motion then, and I'd picture myself running my tongue up and down the length of the shaft so that I could feel every vein in it. I'd push my lips down hard, sucking his cock inside me tight and holding it there and then I'd take the whole length of it right to the back of my throat so that I could feel the very tip of it. At the same time I'd nuzzle his pubes with my lips and during these fantasies I would imagine the sensation of it so vividly that it would make me come, writhing and panting. It was almost as if I was in a play and there was a big audience watching me sucking Darren's cock until he shot his spunk down my throat. I could almost taste its saltiness as I dreamed about swallowing the whole lot down.

Then after I'd come a couple of times from that fantasy, I'd start on the bit where I finally got Big Darren to screw me. I'd

take this part really slowly, savouring my thoughts of gently taking his knob out of my mouth, still dripping with the spunk he'd shot and I'd drunk down, and rubbing the sensitive knob end right down my cleavage and over my firm boobs, hearing Darren wince with the exquisite feeling. Then it would arrive at my pussy and I'd be so excited that without a second thought I'd stand up on tiptoe and push it right inside me, feeling the huge bell-end expanding and inching up me until I was writhing and coming again and again.

In these fantasies it never really occurred to me that the problem of my virginity would have to be overcome – I never gave it a second thought. Just the whole fantasy would engulf me and it would always be so real that I'd come round afterwards and sometimes believe it had actually happened.

Quest: Did these fantasies become more intense or merely more detailed?

Miss L: They became much more intense. I think the actual scenario of the fantasies largely remained the same; usually the sex would take place in a work environment, somewhere that was very familiar. But the tempo of the sex towards the end of the series of fantasies built up to this huge sexual crescendo that just sent me out of my mind. Every time Darren would come into the office I'd blush at first, then gradually got bolder and would flirt and talk to him. I think he realised that I really fancied him, but he never let on until one day when his girlfriend was off sick and he came in and asked casually if I'd like to go for a drink after work.

Naturally I didn't refuse and we drove over to a pub a few miles out of town, probably because he was afraid that we might be spotted by one of his girlfriend's mates if we stuck too close to home. No point in doing the dirty on your own doorstep, I suppose.

Even though I was a virgin and had no experience of anything sexual, and even though my parents had hardly ever let me be in the company of a man, I just knew that the whole evening was leading up to the fact that Darren was going to fuck me. It eventually happened exactly the way I'd planned it in all my fantasies. We drove out to Clumber Park, which is about five miles out of town, and then Darren led me out of the car and we stood under a tree, him with his hands everywhere on my body, feeling my boobs and pushing his hands between my legs and inside my knickers. I was so wet and excited I flooded his hand right away, and he rubbed his fingers right into my love juices, spreading them all over my pubes and the insides of my thighs.

"I just couldn't wait to feel a man's prick in my mouth"

I could hardly contain my excitement, and suddenly I started yelling out for him to put his tongue inside me and fuck me with it. He was on his knees in seconds, pushing the tip of his tongue quickly through my pubic bush as I straddled his face, vigorously rubbing my wet love flaps over his mouth, urging him on to go faster and faster. He made me come several times before standing up straight and saying, "I can't wait much longer – suck me off!"

I couldn't wait to feel a man's prick inside my mouth for the first time ever, and when he pushed the huge tip between my eager lips I really could understand why all the girls had nicknamed him Big Darren! My mouth was really stretched wide to accommodate his whole width, and I soon got into the rhythm of the sucking motions that brought him the most pleasure, squeezing his balls and the end of his shaft so that he didn't come too soon, but at the same time tasting his lovely, salty cock all around my mouth, My nostrils seemed to be filled with the smell of his shaft.

He warned me that he was going to shoot off then, and I didn't want to miss the great moment. I was so excited that when he eased that huge cock inside me it didn't hurt much, and we fucked standing up, me thrusting my hips against him in a frenzy as our pubes rubbed together. I wrapped my legs around his waist with my back against the tree. What a fuck that was. I felt well and truly exhausted! One deflowering and several climaxes later, Darren told me that he was astonished that I was a virgin, I'd seemed so experienced and eager.

Quest: Although this was your only encounter with Darren, you say that it taught you a lot.

Miss L: Yes, it taught me to really let myself go and enjoy sex. Now I can't get enough of it, and practically everyone I see I imagine fucking them. If I fancy someone I just tell them... most of the time it's mutual and I never have bad sex. My fantasies have really helped me to catch up the lost time.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs G
Age... 28
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Falmouth
Other details... This traffic warden has been divorced for two years, and since that time has had many sexual affairs, both with men and women who are mainly colleagues.

Quest: You've always been particularly interested in uniforms as a sexual diversion, haven't you?

Mrs G: Yes, and I suppose that that was one of the factors which led to my divorce really.

My husband was very conventional when it came to sex; he couldn't handle anything that was remotely out of the ordinary or the fact that I used to get turned on by reading men's magazines and by the sight of people in their horny uniforms, policemen or nurses or soldiers on parade on the television, or whatever. I could sense that he was beginning to think that I was some sort of pervert! I think that's what finished us off, really. To be honest, I was glad of it. It meant that I was a free agent and that I could start indulging my fantasies.

Quest: You started work as a traffic warden when you left your husband: obviously your liking for uniforms must have been a deciding factor.

Mrs G: Well, I had become very attracted to this woman: she was a complete stranger, who worked the traffic wardens' patch which covered the place I then worked at, which was the local library. The job was pretty boring and I'd find myself gazing out of the window, and that's when I noticed her. She looked wonderful in her black uniform and I started to really notice the way her skirt would emphasise the shape of her gorgeous bottom and her long legs as she walked along.

It didn't take long before I found myself having fantasies about this woman. I'd lie in my bed at night stroking and playing with my pussy, imagining the woman making me strip off in front of her. She'd be watching me all the time, saying really dirty things about my body. I'd be thinking of what I'd be doing then, desperately hoping she fancied me, eager to fall onto my knees in front of her and gently kiss my way up the inside of her thighs to her juicy love hole. The anticipation I'd build up into this fantasy was unbelievable, and I'd wait until the very last minute before slowly parting my legs and pushing my fingers right inside my dripping wet cunt.

The orgasms I was having were incredibly intense and powerful, my fingers would be thrusting in and out of myself and then I'd lie there for half an hour afterwards, panting – my fingers still inside me – with juices seeping down my thighs as I tried to catch a breath. My fantasies became more complex, to the point where I imagined her bossing me around.

"I want you to get down on your knees and lick my pussy," she'd say to me. "I want your tongue right inside me. Lick my cunt and don't stop till I tell you to. Bend down on your knees and lick my pussy," she'd say to me. "I want you to put your tongue right up me and lick me and don't stop until I tell you to." The thought of her saying that to me made my clitty throb uncontrollably and then I'd have to get out my vibrator and work it over my body, feeling the way it made me tremble and juice up. Then I'd come all over again, panting and wishing that I could somehow make this fantasy come true but at the same time knowing it was unlikely to ever happen.

Obviously, the more intense my fantasies became, the more odd the whole situation seemed, with me observing this anonymous woman through the window almost every day, and going home at night and frigging myself over the image of her, of someone I'd never met. But it really helped me to find all the pleasure spots in my own body, something which I'd never explored before; how I liked to touch myself in the little hollows where my thighs meet my groin. I would often frig onto my fingers so I could pop them in my mouth, imagining I was tasting the woman's fanny.

Quest: It was soon after this that you began working as a traffic warden yourself, though you never actually came face to face with your female fantasy figure, did you?

Mrs G: No. I suppose she must have been transferred to another area or something, but I never saw her. It was probably just as well, because God only knows how she might have taken it if I'd made an approach, and my fantasies were so powerful that I'm sure I would have been tempted.

However, she was soon re-

placed in my fantasies by just about everyone I worked with, at some point or another! All those uniforms! I'm not really a nymphomaniac – or at least, I don't think I am – but something really happened to my hormones once I started working with that traffic division! Every day I'd put on my uniform in the locker room, and as I felt the heavy material rubbing onto my skin and saw the way I looked really strong and in control I would feel really horny. I soon took to wearing no panties underneath my uniform, just stockings and a suspender belt, so that I could feel the skirt rubbing against my pussy all day. It was seventh heaven for me!

I soon began fantasizing about one of the men who I worked with. I'll just have to call him Brian here, though that's not his real name, because he's married and I don't want to cause any trouble, and I know he's a *Mayfair* reader. The affair – if you cold call one encounter an affair – was purely sex, because I don't think I even really liked him that much, but he was so different from all the men that I usually went for that I think that was the attraction. And of course, he had the uniform!

He seemed a pretty meek guy and I started off fantasizing about what I'd do if I got him cornered in the locker room at work, how I'd make him strip me off, telling him what to do step by step – "Suck my clit, lick me", that kind of thing.

Quest: So how did your fling come about?

Mrs G: I finally managed to corner him one day after we'd both been on the same shift. He'd got back a little late but I'd made sure I was waiting for him when he came into the locker room. I had half stripped off my clothes, so that when he came in I was in just my bra, with my firm little boobs clearly outlined by the flesh-coloured cups, and was in the act of taking off my skirt, so that he could clearly see that I was wearing no knickers.

His eyes were bulging out of his head and I knew that seducing him would be a piece of cake. I strode over to him and looked at him straight in the eyes. "Brian, you make me wet," I told him, my gaze never leaving his face. "I want your prick between my legs. I want you to stick it up me as far as it will go and fuck my fanny till it comes. Then I want you to lick me down there and eat my love hole out." He looked amazed at my behaviour, as I don't think he'd guessed that I'd been fantasizing about him all that time. But as I'd hoped, I could see the lust shining in his eyes.

He had his back against the lockers and I pinned him to them as I reached down and unzipped his uniform trousers, I could feel them against my legs and bare pussy and the feeling of that material really inflamed me as I groped for his prick and pulled it out of his underpants. It was already hard and swollen, the knob sticky with his leaking juices, and I rubbed it against my pubes, then round and round on my hard little clitty. Brian groaned and I reached up and pulled off his shirt and my bra, so that he could press his chest against me and I could feel his chest hairs on my rock hard nipples.

"Someone might come in," he whispered as I slid down his body and started to suck his lovely prick.

"I don't care – they can just sit and watch," I told him. The idea of being caught while seducing my fantasy figure just made me feel all the more randy and powerful. I sucked Brian's prick mercilessly until I could tell that he was on the verge of shooting his load. I licked it all the way up from the base to the tip, wrapping my twitching tongue around it and sucking the salty pre-come from the slit at the end. Then I pulled him down onto the floor with me, so that he was crouching over me, seemingly in the dominant position but really we both knew that it was me who was in control. Then I stuffed his prick right into my waiting pussy and just held him in there, hugging him tight with my pussy muscles, until he shot his frothy load inside me. He didn't take long until he spunked, but it was enough to set me off into a powerful series of orgasms. Then Brian quickly pulled out of me and switched round into a sixty nine, stuffing his come-drenched prick in my mouth and his tongue in my fanny. I writhed about on the floor, grinding my clitty into his chin and sucking his long tool as far down my throat as it would go. Then we both came again, and I lapped up every drop of his thick spunk.

"I want you to get down on your knees and lick my pussy"

After that, I had no further use for Brian, because that was one thing I discovered from that first casual encounter – once I'd had sex with my fantasy figure of the moment, my interest was gone. In fact they couldn't arouse me any more and I moved on to another fantasy. Once the sex that I've built my elaborate fantasies about has happened, I move on. That sounds rather callous, but it's what I need.

Quest: And do you see this situation changing?

Mrs G: Not in the near fututre — I'm enjoying the experience of having a bloke in my bed one day, and a girl the next!

Quest: Thank you.

LOVED TO DEATH

The dead man's body sprawled on the bed in an attitude of ecstasy, his cock still stiff. It was another case of the Love Attack...

By Dave Smeds

Tom leaned back against the pillows, chewing the complimentary mints he'd found on the bed. The flavour blended pleasingly with the traces of alcohol lingering on his tongue. One more thing gone right.

The woman ran her eyes over his naked body with an appraising intensity. To judge by her hungry smile, he must have met her standards. Draping her gown across the back of a chair, she began languorously removing her lingerie.

Tom gasped as the bra dropped away. Once he'd seen the padded cups, he'd expected to be disappointed. But this was even better than anticipated. Her breasts hung as if gravity didn't apply to them at all, as symmetrical as a model's, capped with sharply defined, cloud-pink nipples and areolae.

Already nearly hard, his cock stiffened to rigidity as she glided out of her slip and panties and casually tossed the articles over her shoulder. Tall, slim, not a mole or scar to be seen – Tom couldn't believe he'd found such a classy girl just by cruising a hotel bar.

It puzzled him that she would bother with the padding. Or with the wig. The hair looked good, but he suspected her natural curls would win in a comparison. Didn't she realize what a prize she was?

"I'm going to give you the fuck of your life," she said. The confidence in her tone certainly didn't fit the picture of someone with a low self-image.

She climbed on hands and knees up the length of the bed, stalking along his body like a lioness claiming her meat. She took firm hold of the headboard and lowered her crotch to within two inches of his mouth.

Her fresh, delicate aroma settled on him, summoning his tongue. He parted her lips by licking gently along to her clit. She sighed as he completed a circuit around the outside of her labia, working her over with soft strokes until every part of her cunt gleamed with slickness.

"Yes," she murmured.

Tom opened his mouth wide, pressed his lips just inside the halo of her pubic hair, and drew her labia inside, sucking and rolling her flesh back and forth with his tongue. She squirmed with delight, tensing and rocking so much that she accidentally lifted herself out of his mouth.

Sucking her flesh

"Oh, oh," she said urgently, and lowered herself down. "Again."

Tom's cock throbbed. His hips lifted off the mattress and came down again, humping the air. It was a turn-on to see how horny he was making her. It would make the moment when she finally touched him all the better.

He locked his mouth in place and stroked across her clit with the flat of his tongue with slow, broad, clockwise strokes. She arched up, breathing in short, barely audible gasps. Suddenly her thighs shuddered. Her breath exploded from her in deep, heaving gusts.

Christ, he thought, what a great comer. She put every single one of his previous lovers to shame. He kept licking, making sure not to cut her off early. She puffed less intensely, in quick, shallow bursts. Tom kept working her, just to be sure.

Caressed her bottom

Good thing. As his hands caressed her bottom and the backs of her thighs, he felt the tension rebuild. She came, even more thunderously than the first time. Tom grinned inwardly and kept up the rhythm.

She came again. And a fourth time, barely pausing in between. Full, shattering climaxes, the kind that knocked most women down for the count. But she seemed ready for more. This was getting ridiculous, Tom thought. His cock was begging for attention. He pulled his mouth away.

"My turn," he said.

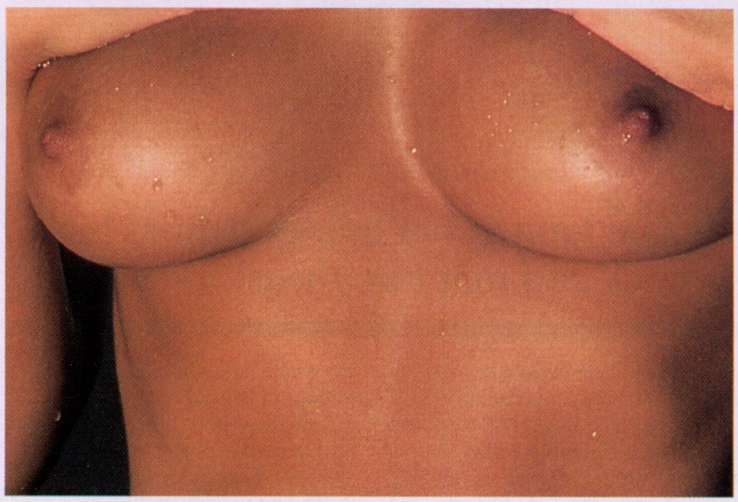
She smiled wickedly, but to his relief, she immediately did what he was hoping she would. She slid down his body, running sweat-slippery boobs along his chest and abdomen, and scooped his hard-on into her mouth.

Tom moaned gratefully. She kept one hand against her lips, extending the sensation beyond what her mouth could do alone. She took him all the way in, right to the root, without the slightest hint of gagging. In, out, coordinating with his throbs. But she never sucked. Tom's girlfriend back home always did that, and the vigorous suction always numbed him, taking a lot of the pleasure away. But this woman did it just the way he liked, keeping constant but soft pressure on every side of his cock, never clenching, letting his shaft tunnel into her like a piston in a brand new, well-oiled cylinder.

She quivered. Though she never stopped milking him, never lost the rhythm, Tom was certain she was coming again. Jesus! Just from sucking him?

She ground her pussy against his knee and did it again. He could feel the convulsing of her pelvis through the bones of his leg.

Tom couldn't believe this was happening. This wasn't a real woman. This was some kind of dream girl. He was afraid he might wake up. And if she were real, how the hell could he keep up with her? He could feel his load building up. He was going to gush like he hadn't done for years. Hell, like never before.



She pumped him vigorously, her pelvic bone riding on his. As his load gathered she shuddered again the most intense orgasm yet

She really was giving him the fuck of his life.

His balls rose up tight against the base of his prick, brushing against the palm of her wet hand. She suddenly stopped sucking. She sighed deeply, straddled him, and lowered her pussy around his glistening cock.

She pumped him vigorously, her pelvic bone riding on his. As his load gathered, she shuddered again, the most intense orgasm yet. She laughed, and then she looked at him, almost right into him.

His come surged. Their glances locked as he exploded. He pumped three tremendous wads into her, then a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, until he was sure white rivers would flow out of her and down over his balls.

It felt like something more than just semen was pouring out of him. The pupils of her eyes seemed to grow larger and larger, until a huge field of glittering black covered him.

He surged up into that blackness and was gone.

Phil, night barman at the Sheraton lounge, strolled nervously down the corridor beside the hotel security officer who'd come to fetch him.

They knocked at the door to Room 511. A lean, clean-cut man in a sharp business suit ushered them curtly inside.

Half a dozen similar types filled the room, writing notes, taking pictures, talking on the phone. A tall, lanky man in a trenchcoat was gazing at a motionless, sheet-draped figure on the bed. He turned and held out his hand.

"Alex Ward, CID," he said, shaking Phil's hand with a no-nonsense grip. "Glad you could come."

Ward turned back to the bed and gripped the edge of the sheet. He paused, checking Phil's expression. Phil knew from the chill on his bald head how pale he must look.

"It's not that bad. No blood. You'd almost think he was still alive."

Phil swallowed. The walls of his throat clung together as if he'd tried to eat a handful of lint. "Go ahead," he said, screwing up his courage.

Erotic intensity

As soon as Ward had pulled down the sheet, hair rose on the nape of the barman's neck. The body lay arched upward in a pose of erotic intensity, an ecstatic grin frozen on its lips.

"This the man you saw last night?"

"Yeah," Phil replied.

"You're sure?"

"Yeah. He had a gin and tonic."

The barman, though worried he might throw up right on the detective's shoes, stared unblinkingly at the body. "He looks so happy."

"Like he was fucked to death?" Ward suggested.

Phil let loose a sudden, alarmed bark of laughter, and instantly reddened, realizing the seriousness of the circumstances. "Yeah. Now that you mention it. What a way to go."

"This is the ninth case like this I've seen in the past five years," Ward said. "Dreamy smile, not a mark on him. I'm sure there've been others, but those probably got chalked up to heart attacks."

"Yeah?"

"They've happened all across the country. They're called the Love Attacks."

"I've heard about them."

Ward flipped the sheet up and put his hands in his pockets. "Now you know how important this is. I'm told you saw this man leave the bar with a woman last night."

"Yes. I did."

"Did you get a good look at her?"

"Sort of. She was white, not too tall, dark hair. She had a Kir."

"Anything out of the ordinary about her?"

"Well, yeah. There was. I can't explain it – she was just different. Hard to say why, except..."

"Go on."

"When she reached for her drink, I could've sworn that her forefinger was the same length as her middle finger. But I never got another look."

Ward shrugged. "Probably just the way she held the glass."

Drenched her pussy

"Look, Detective Ward, am I in any danger?"

"No," the man answered firmly. "She never strikes in the same city twice."

The new stud fucked Marta like an athlete. She looped her ankles behind his neck and met him thrust for thrust. Her cunt ached delightedly, barely able to contain his thick cock. She came for the seventh time.

Sweat beaded his forehead. As her orgasm peaked and another began to sprout, she knew he couldn't hold off any longer. She captured his glance and held it as he erupted. Intense joy flooded his face as he drenched her pussy, replaced at the last instant by a mild pucker of surprise. Then out "he" came; every last bit of his vitality funneled into her.

Marta cried out, fulfillment spreading to fingertips, nipples, scalp, and heels. Like a junkie getting a fix, she sagged against the sheet and let the wave carry her away. Her lover's body, sapped of both semen and life

She looped her ankles behind his neck and met him thrust for thrust

essence, collapsed across her, though her cunt remained rigidly impaled.

Marta sighed. Already her sense of satisfaction, so incredibly deep a moment earlier, fumed away like steam from a tea cup. She groaned and rolled over, laboriously heaving her ex-lover onto his back, and peeled herself off his cock. Damn. He'd been a solid catch. He'd given the kind of performance that would make most women cream just to remember.

For her, it had momentarily scratched an itch, lasting scarcely longer than the spark she'd burned out of the one at the Sheraton – was it Tim or Tom? – only a week before.

She'd taken everything they could offer, and it hadn't been enough. She cleaned herself up and threw on her clothes. The sooner she left, the better. She glanced moodily at the corpse. How many had she left like that? She doubted she could ever give up. The desire ruled her now. One a week. At this rate, she was sure to be caught.

As she reached for the door handle, she took one last look at the bed. The dead man's smile chipped a flake off the marble block of her guilt. Nothing that sent a man to his grave with an expression like that could be entirely unwelcome.

She didn't want to kill. All she wanted was what any normal woman wanted – someone to love her and fuck her as much as she needed to be loved and fucked. A male version of herself. Barring that improbability, she would take what she could get, as seldom as her willpower allowed.

At the airport toilet, she stripped off her make-up, and tucked her wig into her purse. An hour later she walked up to the boarding gate bearing little resemblance to the hotel barfly she'd posed as.

Sex missions

She bent her index fingers so that their extraordinary length didn't seem obvious – second nature to her while on these sex missions. The newspaper accounts of the Love Attacks had never described a murderess with such an distinctive physical attribute, and she meant to keep it that way.

The airline attendant checked her boarding pass. The name it contained was not Marta's real one, but as usual, no ID was requested. She had false documents just in case. As she passed through onto the jet that would take her back to her flat 300 miles away, she wondered if she had covered her tracks well enough, and how long she would stay lucky.

Two weeks later, a knock resounded sharply on her front door. Judging by the time of day, she thought it might be the delivery of the exercise equipment she'd ordered, but with inbred caution she kept the chain attached as she opened the door.

"Marta Kendrick?" asked a tall, lanky man in a trenchcoat. She knew she'd never seen him before, but something about him seemed familiar. "I'm Alex Ward. Police."

She gulped and shut the door. What now? She looked toward the sliding glass door leading to her patio. She lived on the second floor, but in her shape it was an easy jump.

"We've got the place surrounded," Ward called through the door panels. Marta's head filled with images of disguises, false trails and all the other measures she'd taken to feed her sexual hunger. The tactics had worked only because she had a mundane existence to return to and hide within. If her true identity had been discovered, the game was over.

Masturbating wildly

She relaxed as if she'd just shed barbells from her shoulders, and actually laughed. All day she'd laid about the place in a bathrobe, masturbating wildly every fifteen minutes, knowing that she'd have to take another plane trip that weekend, and would come back with one more grinning corpse in her memory's hoard.

She tied her robe more modestly about her waist, slid the safety chain out of its slot, and swung the door wide. "How do you do?" she said, stepping aside so Ward could enter.

He turned to her. "I've been looking for you for five years," he said.

"You could say I've been waiting for you," she replied, sighing. Then, cocking her eyebrow, she glanced into the hall. "Where are the rest of your people?" she inquired.

"I lied. I'm alone."

"But..." The furrow in her forehead grew. Surely detectives never confronted a suspected murderess without plenty of back-up.

"The Yard doesn't know I'm here. In fact, there's a lot about your case I never put in the file."

She'd so thoroughly conceded defeat, she had to struggle to realise that maybe there'd been no reason to give up. "If you're not here to arrest me, why are you here?"

"Arresting you would be one way to retire the Love Attacker, but I didn't get myself assigned to your case to let that happen." He lifted his hands out of his pockets. "Like I said, I've been looking for you for five years. I've looked for a woman like you for a lot longer than that."

Her eyes widened. "Your hands," she whispered. His forefingers extended to the same length as his middle fingers. She knew now why he'd seemed familiar. A smile ignited on her face; she fanned it to a roaring grin.

No more guilt, no more victims, just a man who could match her stroke for stroke. Her bathrobe suddenly seemed like far too much clothing.

"Wanna fuck?" he asked.

"For about five days," she answered.

And they did. Ⓜ